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## CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ... 409

### LEADING ARTICLES:

Folly at the Foreign Office ... 412  
Labour and the Next Election 413

### MIDDLE ARTICLES:

English v. Danish Farming.  
By L. F. Easterbrook ... 414  
"Rheumatism." By Quaero... 415  
Clemenceau's Home, By Ernest  
Dimnet ... 416  
The Return. By J. B. Priestley 417

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR... 419

### THE THEATRE:

The Cheerful Note. By Ivor  
Brown ... 421

### LITERARY COMPETITIONS:

Set by Peter Traill ... 422

BACK NUMBERS—XCHII ... 424

### REVIEWS:

Mr. Lawrence's Poetry. By  
Edward Shanks ... 425  
A London Bookman ... 426  
Christian IV ... 428  
The Star-Spangled Manner ... 430  
My Life ... 434  
Montrose ... 436

### NEW FICTION. By L. P. Hartley:

Come By Chance ... 438  
The Lover ... 438  
Seeing's Believing ... 438  
Quiet Cities ... 438  
The Murdered Manservant ... 438

SHORTER NOTICES ... 440

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE... 442

MOTORING ... 446

THE CITY ... 448

ACROSTICS ... 452

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

WASHINGTON'S reply to the Anglo-French naval compromise is an honest and convincing document, the unpleasant passages of which London and Paris have done everything to deserve. We cannot believe that experts in either city really expected the State Department, or still less the Senate, to accept a proposal which, in the words of the official reply, "still limits large cruisers which are suitable to American needs, but frankly places no limitation whatever on cruisers carrying guns of 6 inches or less in calibre." There are two possible explanations. Either the British and French, not wishing to reduce armaments, hoped to be able to thrust the responsibility for failure to achieve a reduction on to American shoulders, or the agreement is part of a general understanding between the British and French Governments, which would have remained secret had not Sir Austen blurted out something about it in the House of Commons.

By the time these lines appear in print the compromise and the correspondence which led up to it may have been published, for it seems clear that the French, in their anxiety to regain favour in American eyes, are determined to make the docu-

ments known with or without British consent. We can remember no other occasion when the American Ambassador in London has issued an official reply to a document the gist of which the British public has learned only through the sensational columns of the Hearst Press. Have we to swallow the additional humiliation of learning what our Foreign Office has been doing through the agency of the news department of the Quai d'Orsay? It is not surprising that many people believe this odd insistence on secrecy in Whitehall to be due to the existence in the compromise of some British promise to France which would anger British public opinion. This revival of the worst form of secret diplomacy is bad enough, but the change in British foreign policy which it indicates, and with which we deal elsewhere, would inevitably lead this country into another war.

Apparently there is no longer any hope that the ratification of the Kellogg Pact will take precedence in the American Senate over the postponed Navy Bill. As far as this country is concerned, two or three members of the Government have been at pains to explain that the Pact meant very little, if anything at all, and the British reservations would justify public opinion in agreeing with this view. But one feature about this dismal business of the Anglo-French



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compromise is encouraging: the outcry against the revival of secret diplomacy and against the preference for the *entente* over Locarno which this secrecy seems to imply is thoroughly healthy. The people of this country are determined not to allow their foreign policy to be conducted along the old lines, and will not tolerate any arrangement, agreement, compromise, understanding, or whatever euphemism may be given to a pact whereby this country is committed in advance to pledges on the lines of those given by the military staffs of Whitehall to the French General Staff years before the crisis of 1914 developed. In this respect the apparent policy of the Government does not represent the views of the nation or of any section of it.

The Conservative Conference at Yarmouth went exactly according to plan. The position in regard to Safeguarding remains officially where it was, and it has been explained that no industry will be debarred from making application for protection. Though nothing further was done, and the Government's programme remains unchanged, it was clear enough from the trend of the proceedings that the movement in favour of an extension of Safeguarding to the iron and steel trades is gathering weight and volume. The Government will be ten thousand times right if they resist the pressure to the end. To go to the country directly or indirectly on a measure of semi-Protection would be to court disaster. Moreover, it would be ruinous to the industries it sought to assist. Safeguarding is a drug, and what they require is not a drug but an emetic.

The Labour Party's "election programme" is nothing if not ambitious. It is explained as being meant as enough for several elections and it certainly looks as though it will be. Nationalization of coal, transport, power, land and life insurance; a larger dole and bigger pensions; a minimum wage; control of the Bank of England; heavier death duties and heavier income tax on the higher incomes; the "surtax"; taxation of land values—these are a few of the tasks Labour proposes to set itself. The programme does not lack signs that it was drawn with an eye to a possible compact with the Liberals—with this we deal elsewhere—but it shows singularly few of the Labour Party having renounced the more socialistic of their ambitions. Though the Communists have been "shut off with a killing," the Party is left with a pretty drastic programme. But the truth is that the reforms outlined in these "sixty-five articles" are not a programme at all in the practical sense of the word but a compendium of all the things Labour might one day do, designed to keep the extremists quiet while not antagonizing middle-class opinion. If Labour came to office at the next election its programme would look very different from this one. High on the list of the sixty-five articles figures the repeal or amendment of the Trade Disputes Act. How hard the substitution of "contracting-in" for "contracting-out" has hit the Party funds has been shown by the disclosure that the levy has shrunk by as much as 40 per cent. That under the old system so large a proportion of contributions were unwilling is the strongest possible justification for the change which has been made.

The Australian system of industrial arbitration, of which we in this country hear little except when there is a crisis, has stood the strain of some twenty years in a Dominion always harbouring a proportion of dangerous Labour extremists. The great mass of Australians, valuing it justly, are not prepared to see it wrecked by what the head of the Workers' Union himself describes as "a mad dog policy" of general stoppage. They cannot submit to blackmail by the dockers, an important but small minority of workers, and to the present Australian troubles there can be but one issue. The danger has not been the success of the projected general strike; it has been, and is, a certain revulsion of popular feeling in consequence of the very strong measures rightly taken by Mr. Bruce. However, even if Mr. Bruce should hereafter be defeated by clamour against him as a destroyer of trade unionism, Australia will not yield to her industrial enemies. They have gone too far. Not for the first time they have raised that question of government by constitutional authority or a sectional mob to which every sober element in the Dominion must reply by support of law and order. For many years past employers have capitulated in such contests. On this occasion the employers have stood out, and informed observers are of opinion that their resistance is the prelude to a new firmness in the attitude of Australian employers towards the blackmailing methods of extremist Labour.

The Central Powers, which were forcibly disarmed as a result of the war, are naturally growing restive at the long delay shown by their victors in reducing their own armaments, according to promise. In the case of Germany this military inequality brings no material disadvantages in its train because her economic strength wins respect for her opinions. In a small country like Austria, however, the situation is very different and there is considerable probability of severe collisions in Wiener-Neustadt to-morrow (Sunday) between the Social Democratic volunteers of Vienna, known as the *Schutzbund*, and the Fascists from the country districts, who call themselves the *Heimwehr*. The *Heimwehr* meeting in so industrial a district is a deliberate provocation to the Socialists, who have organized counter demonstrations. Owing to the weakness of their military forces, the Government, instead of dissolving both organizations—which are a perpetual danger to the State—have been compelled to allow *Schutzbund* and *Heimwehr* to demonstrate within a few hundred yards of each other and within a few miles of the capital.

M. Venizelos has done his best to dissipate the distrust caused throughout Europe by his sudden return to power by making a lightning journey to the capitals of those countries most intimately interested in the future of Greece. Having signed in Rome a Greco-Italian treaty of friendship which had been prepared by his predecessor—a treaty, by the way, which it is a little difficult to reconcile with Article 16 of the League Covenant—he has visited Paris and London to explain away any misunderstandings to which it might have given rise, and he has now gone on to Belgrade to resume the discussions he had already begun in Paris with M. Marinkovitch, the Yugoslav Foreign Minister. Should he succeed in concluding a treaty of friend-



ship to replace that denounced by the Yugoslav Government four years ago, he will entirely re-establish the diplomatic reputation which he held during the Peace Conference, and we shall be within measurable reach of what is commonly called a Balkan Locarno.

One thing in the Home Secretary's favour is that he is always very much alive to the trend of public opinion. This has been shown again during the week by the announcement that, in conjunction with the Minister of Transport, he has decided to take steps towards the abatement of street noises. This is good news, but though the intention is excellent it is difficult to foresee how it can be carried into practical effect. Motor horns can be regulated to some extent but hooting remains necessary for safety, and if a uniform horn is introduced the surprise effect necessary to warn pedestrians may be nullified. Whatever is done will throw more duties on the police, and that is the real crux of the business. The time is rapidly approaching when we shall have to separate the functions of the ordinary police from those connected with the motoring laws and have a special motoring police force with special courts to deal with motoring offences.

The Bridge House Estates Committee are to be congratulated on their persistence if on nothing else. They have returned to the charge with yet another scheme for a St. Paul's Bridge which, they claim, avoids the objections that were raised against earlier plans. It may do that, but it raises such formidable objections on its own account that we shall be surprised if it is ever put into operation. Nevertheless, the need for concerted opposition is urgent. Already the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral and a meeting of representative interests convened by the Royal Institute of British Architects have made strong protests against the proposal. The most obvious objections to it are that it would not only endanger the safety of the Cathedral but also—by the new overhead North-and-South road which is envisaged by the scheme—would ruin the view of St. Paul's from the east. There are other objections of a very practical kind, connected with the new problems of traffic congestion which would be created. It has yet to be proved that another bridge is necessary in this neighbourhood at all, especially as Southwark Bridge, a few hundred yards distant from the site of the proposed new structure, remains almost unused in spite of its recent reconstruction. The threats to London's beauty are constant and increasing, and vigilance can never be relaxed. Another matter affecting the amenities of the capital has just come again into prominence with the issue of the Report on London Squares. Discussion of this must be deferred until another week.

Since the difference in price between the best chilled Argentine beef and prime English beef is now only about 2s. 6d. a hundredweight, there has opened up for English farmers an opportunity which, if they will co-operate and adopt modern methods, they may seize to great advantage. In regard to mutton also, in consequence of the diversion of a good deal of the New Zealand supply to the United States, there is now an

improved chance for English farmers. But co-operation is necessary, not only to facilitate marketing by farmers in a small way of business, but also to defeat the unfair combinations of buyers in "rings." Farmers must also face selling in the larger and more distant markets, even though at first the incidental expense should nullify the gain from higher prices secured in open competition. Without organization they will derive no appreciable benefit from the change in the meat market which has come about so rapidly.

Two princely gifts have been announced this week. The Rockefeller Foundation has offered Cambridge University £700,000, which will be used in developing the departments of physics, physiology, biochemistry, zoology, botany, and agriculture, but which is contingent on the University being able to raise the balance of the necessary funds. Lord Woolavington has presented the Middlesex Hospital with £125,000 in order to enable it to provide accommodation for middle-class patients. These great benefactions are out of the wealth created by private enterprise: how eagerly the State rewards the application of science to the relief of human ills is simultaneously illustrated by the case of Sir Ronald Ross. The discoverer of the cause of malaria, a scourge nowhere more terrible than in the tropical regions of the British Empire, has received from the British Government not one penny. He is now obliged to sell his vast collection of notes bearing on his researches. Jenner had £30,000 for his work on the prevention of small-pox. We are supposed to have progressed since then in our official appreciation of science and of public health work; but sometimes it looks as if only millionaires had the will to endow science and medicine.

We do not want to add fuel to the flames of publicity which Mrs. Aimée McPherson has been so clever in fanning, but we may be permitted a footnote on the Home Secretary's handling of this little affair. There could never have been any question of her not being permitted to land in this country—Sir William admits as much—and the proper thing for him to have done would have been to instruct a minor official to say so. But he is temperamentally unable to resist the temptation to dramatize the incident, keep the public in suspense and then issue his pronouncement. It is rather surprising that one so well versed in the arts of advertisement should have allowed himself to be tricked into beating the drum for Mrs. McPherson.

In bidding farewell to "summer time" we can do so with the reflection that this year it has been true to its name. It must be many seasons since the Easter, Whitsun and August bank holidays were all three flooded with sunshine. Farmers have had perfect weather for haying and harvesting, and almost every outdoor event has been carried through without interference. Cricketers have made hay of the bowling while the sun shone, golfers have had the year of their lives, and holiday makers generally have learnt that it is not necessary to go abroad to woo the ultra-violet rays.

## FOLLY AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE

THE time has come to ask the Government straightly what their foreign policy is. The blunder of the Anglo-French agreement does not stand alone as a monument of mismanagement; it came as the climax to a formidable string of follies in the Government's handling of foreign affairs. People who were ready to forget, though they could hardly forgive, a bungle like that over Germany's entry into the League have since been subjected to such a series of shocks that they are forced to regard what they had once been willing to suppose were isolated blunders as deliberate steps in a concerted scheme. Locarno stands as a solitary oasis in the midst of the diplomatic desert. The failure of the disarmament conference, the hesitancy and delay in accepting the Kellogg Pact, and now this lamentable business of the so-called naval agreement with France—it is not an encouraging record. Added to it is the impression which, whether it be true or false, has certainly gained ground both here and abroad that the Government are less than half-hearted in their desire to promote disarmament. Small wonder if minds friendly to the Government and anxious to think the best of them begin to suspect that the whole notion of what British foreign policy should be is fundamentally misunderstood in Downing Street.

The outlook of our diplomacy is too provincial. The keynote of British foreign policy, now and for any future that contemporary speculation can contemplate, must be the cultivation of Anglo-American friendship. That is beyond all computing more important, not only to this country and America but also to Europe and the world, than the comparatively local politics of our continental relationships. Moreover, when we look to Europe we should look to Europe as a whole, we should look to Europe through Geneva; not through the astigmatic focus of this or that chancellery. Since Sir Austen Chamberlain took over the Foreign Office British diplomacy has looked too much across the Channel and too little across the Atlantic. What is more, it has looked across the Channel as though the continent on the other side were the same continent that existed prior to 1914, with problems and rivalries that could and ought to be adjusted by the old pre-war methods. There are, we know, honourable exceptions, but they remain exceptions, and indeed they sometimes look like accidents. At the time, Locarno seemed like the beginning of brighter and better things. To-day Locarno can only be explained as a temporary departure that has since been abandoned in favour of the original plan, as less of a policy than an aberration. When we examine the actions and pronouncements of the Foreign Secretary during his four years of office we are led unmistakably to the conclusion that his real aim is far more partial and exclusive than the idea underlying Locarno seemed to imply: the incidents of the last eighteen months, and particularly of the last eight weeks, only become intelligible as a reversion to the pre-war policy of an *entente* with France.

How else explain the deliberate risks which have been taken of antagonizing American opinion and the opinion of other nations in Europe? In the last eighteen months three separate occasions have been allowed to occur in which feeling between London and Washington has become strained and suspicious. In the last instance, that of the Anglo-French agreement, not only American, but German and Italian feelings also, have been seriously offended. What makes the situation the more deplorable is the fact that it has been brought about by a move that was not merely grossly mismanaged but was neither necessary nor desirable in itself. Not the way in which the agreement was announced only, but the agreement itself, was a thoroughly vicious piece of work. But no good can come of going into that. It is a waste of time now to deplore either the matter or the manner of the dead but unburied agreement. The mischief is done. Opinion in the United States and on the Continent refuses to be convinced that there is not behind the technical clauses of the agreement a secret and sinister Pact. If there is, England has been miraculously saved from it by the fortunate accident of the Foreign Secretary letting the cat out of a bag that he habitually keeps excessively tightly closed. If there is not, then the foreign suspicion that there is, is no more than the price we must expect to pay for the preposterous semi-secret diplomacy of Sir Austen and his subordinates and for the mischievous use which those have not been slow to make of it who imagine that their national and international interests would be better served by friction than by friendship between Great Britain and the United States.

The psychological effect of clumsy diplomatic procedure can be much more harmful than the actual policy a Foreign Office may initiate. In each of the recent instances in which American susceptibilities have been antagonized by British action, the manner in which the policy was handled more than the policy itself has been at fault. At best this argues a disregard for American friendship that is either ignorant or deliberate; at worst it means that British foreign policy has assumed a new and provincial orientation. Far and away the most important goal for this country and for the peace of the world is an understanding between us and America. Then what are we doing at this time of day, ten years after the war, fiddling about with pettifogging local *ententes* written in the language of 1914? France is a European Power; America is a World Power. We cannot afford to endanger Anglo-American agreement in order to satisfy the niggling calculations of the admirals and the technical experts.

Sir Austen Chamberlain—whose illness everyone deplores—will return to duty to find a sorry tangle awaiting him. The extraordinary thing is that anyone, least of all experts in international affairs, should think to see advantage for their country in the policy that is being pursued. The ordinary public, not specially versed in these matters, but since the war a good deal more alive to their importance, certainly sees in it nothing but danger. The one hopeful sign in a really threatening situation is the



solidarity with which Press and public opinion have been opposed to the Government policy. The Anglo-French agreement had not a single friend outside the walls of the Foreign Office and the Cabinet; not even the most ardent of the Government's supporters could find anything good to say of it. It was the same in varying degrees with the mess over Germany's entry into the League, over the Disarmament failure, over the preliminaries of the signing of the Kellogg Pact. The people of England know what they want in their foreign relationships and are not prepared to slip back without effective protest into the vortex of pre-war diplomacy, nor to be put off with the vague assurances of ministers with pre-war minds. If the Government are mindful of their majority they will realize that foreign affairs are a much more lively issue than they used to be and take warning by the quite remarkable unanimity with which their present policy is condemned.

## LABOUR AND THE NEXT ELECTION

WHEN a third man wants to squeeze in on a seat that has comfortable room for only two he has to sit gingerly on the edge; that is what the Labour Party has been doing at its Conference this week. It is in a double dilemma. It must so be practical as to distinguish itself from the other two parties and it must so be Socialistic as to avoid the odium of the extreme men and have some chance of winning elections.

The search for such a policy is not an easy one. For except among pamphleteers for the Primrose League the mere word Socialism has ceased to terrify. It is more than thirty years since Sir William Harcourt said that we are all Socialists now, and if we had to find examples of successful Socialization we should find them all in the history of the two older parties. The war brought us nearer to the Socialist state than we are ever likely to be until the next great war, and there is probably a majority among both Conservatives and Liberals which is quite prepared to accept Socialism in a particular instance when a good enough case can be made out for it. In empirical Socialism there is nothing that offends against either the principles or the practice of the other two parties, and an elector who wanted to extend public control or ownership in some particular example might have the best chance of accomplishing his desire by voting Conservative. The Socialism of the gas and water supply and the transport services has been mainly the work of good Conservatives. The Army and Navy, too, are good examples of practical Socialism; there is no private ownership of the means of distribution and supply there. On the other hand when Labour tries to differentiate its Socialism from empirical practice, such as the other parties might indulge in suitable cases, it is in peril of another kind. It ceases to be practical, avoiding Scylla, and finds itself being drawn to the Charybdis of general strikes and revolutions. Between the smiles of the Conservative Y.M.C.A. group and the occasional patronage of Mr. Lloyd George on the one hand

and the denunciations of Mr. Maxton on the other the policy of "gradualness" has a difficult and dangerous course to steer.

When a man is either too clever or too incompetent for the floor of the Commons, it is a common practice for Governments to send him to the Lords. The Labour Party has done much the same with its Socialism. It has put it in a book called 'Labour and the Nation,' in which every conceivable reform that could possibly be advocated from any left wing for the next hundred years is set out neatly in the form of some sixty odd articles. When it wants to appear practical and to obtain the support of the average elector, the book will lie forgotten on the shelf; on the other hand when Labour wishes to show how staunch and downright its Socialism is the book will be taken down, dusted and produced in evidence. The chief business of the Conference has been to get the book ratified, and this has been done amid the protests of Mr. Maxton.

In this country we are concerned much less with the logic of a political situation than with the practical working out. How is the present compromise likely to work out? Much depends on the result of the next General Election, for if Labour were returned with a clear majority over both parties nothing is so certain as that the compromise would not hold. The extremists would inevitably, in such an event, get the upper hand, and either the Labour Party would split, or the fiercest political struggle known for a century would begin, with Labour on one side and Liberals and Conservatives combined on the other. But the probability is that the next Election will be indecisive, and that no party will be strong enough to be able to despise whatever support it can get from the others. A coalition government is unlikely, but some sort of a party *bloc* may become necessary. There is a section among the Liberals represented by the *Manchester Guardian* which would favour a preliminary understanding between Liberals and Labour before the elections, and the weakness of Labour in electoral funds might incline a minority in the party to make terms. But the majority sentiment in both parties is against any formal compromise in the constituencies, though that would not, of course, prevent unofficial bargains being struck. At any rate Conservatives would be wise not to leave this possibility out of their calculations.

The policy of Mr. Lloyd George if his party came back in moderately increased strength would be clear. He would seek not office but power. He would not seek office in a coalition because he knows coalition with Conservatives is now out of the question and fears that a coalition with Labour might be damaging to his future prospects. He would make a virtue of not subscribing to the Thirty-five Articles of Labour, but, without taking office, he would be willing, provided that he could call the policy while disowning the responsibility, to support a Labour Government. He might even on terms support a Conservative Government if his support had any value. A Radical-Socialist Party composed of moderate Labour men and the bulk of the Liberals must remain one of the possibilities in politics, but its formation is more distant than

many people think. Labour has convinced itself that Liberalism is dying in the electorate and is anxious to win the good will of Radicalism for itself. On the other hand, if these views were contradicted by the results of the elections, Labour might be more disposed to make terms, but the Liberals on their side would be less willing to sacrifice any of their independence and chances of future power. Much ground has yet to be traversed before either increasing strength or complete decay of the Liberals brings back the old two-party system.

Our own view is that Conservatives make a mistake in antagonizing the Liberals, for the time may come when Liberal support will be useful to them. A wiser policy might be to divide our opponents, and rather to keep the Liberal Party in being as preferable to the Labour Party, which, ambiguous in opposition, might become dangerous in majority. The decline of the Liberals would no doubt bring some accession of strength to the Conservatives, but that would be greatly outweighed by the immense extension of the area of recruitment for Labour. The moral of the Birmingham Conference is that Conservatives should make good electoral use of the Sixty-five Articles and not forget the Liberals.

## ENGLISH VERSUS DANISH AGRICULTURE

By L. F. EASTERBROOK

COMPARISONS are always odious—particularly so when it is a question of English and Danish agriculture, for it has been considerably overdone in late years by one or two enthusiasts. But two small books recently published inevitably lead to such comparison. Both are by agriculturists. The first, 'British Farmers in Denmark,'\* is a British view of Danish farming, written by Mr. Bond, who is Chief Agricultural Organizer for Derbyshire. He went to Denmark on the investigation commissioned by the *Daily Telegraph*, accompanied by a number of farmers from Norfolk, Worcestershire and Yorkshire. The second is 'A Danish View of British Farming,'† Mr. Lange, the author, is the Warden of the Danish Small-holders' School at Odense, and is well known in agricultural circles in England.

Mr. Bond and his party went to Denmark with open minds. What prejudice they had seems to have been in the direction of thinking Danish methods overestimated in this country. They returned deeply impressed by the resource, organization, economy and self-reliance of the Danish industry, though realizing that Danish agriculture is not necessarily or invariably remunerative. "If our tour proved anything," writes one farmer, "it proved that we farmers must save ourselves by our own right arm." "Whether or not we were sceptical on the point of rural Denmark being a source of agricultural inspiration to the agricultural reformer," writes Mr. Bond, "we had eventually the most valid reasons for endorsing it."

Mr. Lange, on the other hand, is not enthusiastic about what he saw in England. He is full of admiration for our best examples, which he admits cannot be beaten anywhere in the world; he pays high tribute

to the skill of our market gardeners, and to our pedigree flocks and herds; but he is shocked at the amount of English land uncultivated. The worst land he saw in a tour of 2,500 miles, in Northumberland and Yorkshire, on the chalky South Downs, on the barren hills of Dartmoor:

rarely fell below the line which in Denmark divides the cultivable land from that which no one would touch. I rarely met with any land which a Dane would deem below standard (in a scale of 6) for agricultural land.

Mr. Lange is not dogmatic—he gives the impression of trying to speak the truth as graciously as possible—but:

What strikes a Danish eye is . . . that even where the soil is properly worked the whole farming bears a stamp of inactivity . . . the English agricultural world is rather like the Christian world—the standard is the very highest . . . but the tendency towards becoming stagnant or even retrograde is very marked.

Given "proper economic and social conditions," Mr. Lange is confident that British farming can become "really progressive" and emerge from "its present partial stagnancy" to offer a livelihood to a bigger proportion of our population. Danish land, though worse than ours, supports twice as many persons per acre. In Denmark Mr. Bond was impressed by the activity and progressiveness in all agricultural ranks, and remarks on the excellence of the best British farms, and on "the stagnation" of far too large a majority that bring our general average of production below the Danish average.

It is all too easy to make facile comparisons, with no proper allowance for differences in economic, climatic and social conditions. No sane person would suggest wholesale adoption of Danish methods—to start with they would lead to such an over-production of milk that the "liquid" price in England would drop to the present "surplus" price. Our problem must be solved in our own way; but Danish methods are certainly worth our close consideration, partly because our climate, soil and temperament are not dissimilar from the Danish, partly because the English market is the chief Danish market, partly because in so many respects the Danish problem resembled our own, but contained greater difficulties.

In climate we have a slight advantage, and our soil is more generally fertile than the Danish. Respective national temperaments are remarkably alike, and our centres of agricultural science are at least not inferior. In rates we also have the advantage, for whereas hitherto the British farmers have paid quarter rates (seldom more than 7s. 6d. and often only 1s. 3d.) and will be relieved of them entirely next year, the average rate for middle-sized farms in Zealand is 15s., while £1 is not unknown. Danish income-tax is graded down to include nearly everyone. Labour in Denmark is not cheap. Annual expenditure last year averaged £6 10s. per acre, and the average rates for the whole country for day labourers last year were 6s. 5d. in summer, 7s. 2d. in harvest time, 5s. 3d. in winter. A regular labourer boarding with the farmer receives £43 per annum. A ten-hour day is a typical length, but it would be rash to estimate that this means 25 per cent. more work than the British eight hours. All the experience of factory, mine, office or shop is against such a deduction.

PRICES.			
		English.	Danish.
Milk (winter)	...	1s. 4½d.	9½d.
(summer)	...	1s. 0d.	9d.
Wheat (per cwt.)	...	9s. 3d.	12s.
Barley (Bright Malting)	...	13/6-15/6	10s.
Potatoes	...	5/0-6/0	5s. 2d.

With the exception of wheat, none of these prices would be very attractive to the British farmer, and the milk prices would soon create a famine. As regards markets, we have at our doors the market which the Danes covet the most.

\* 'British Farmers in Denmark.' By J. R. Bond. Benn. 1s. 6d.

† 'A Danish View of British Farming.' By Jacob E. Lange. The Bodley Head. 1s.



It would be a mistake, however, to think that the Danes are prospering agriculturally at the moment. Since 1925, when there occurred a break in prices similar to that which heralded the bad times in English farming in 1921, they have been doing badly—in 1926-7 the net return on farming capital was only 1 per cent. But they are facing the situation with confidence, certain that their methods and their organization will see them through. According to Mr. Bond, there has been no drop in land prices, no talk of less intensive farming, and it does not occur to them to look to anyone but themselves for salvation.

Clearly there is nothing in any of these primary causes that enables Danish agriculture to undersell us in our own market, to keep twice as many employed per acre, to make better profits in good times and meet bad times with greater confidence and resilience. There is some other factor that is eluding us. Mr. Bond considers it to be chiefly the perfected co-operative marketing machinery of the Danish farmer, which secures for him the best terms, improves his produce and allows him to devote all his attention to farming. Coupled with this, he finds better means of disseminating agricultural knowledge among all grades, because it is done rather by the farmers themselves through their societies than through the State.

Mr. Lange, on the other hand, as an outside observer, diagnoses our landlord-tenant system as the root of our ills, holding that it does not offer real security to the tenant. The tenant will gather the apples off his rented apple tree, but will not plant fresh trees for his son—the landlord is naturally averse from agreeing to share the expense of capital improvements that a new-coming tenant might not need—the reclamation of the poorest land needs security not only for one man's lifetime, but for his children also. Farming energy on the part of the humbler agriculturist is suppressed by want of opportunity on account of the difficulty of getting land for small-holders. These things together, he suggests, produce that "partial stagnation" which is betokened as much by the unwillingness of the farmers to work together as by the unprogressive methods of all too many of them, and has given them an instinct for looking to the landlord or to the State instead of to themselves.

Since Henry George based his theory of Socialism upon the communization of land, the question of landlord and tenant has unfortunately been condemned to be the prey of party politics. Few of any party can approach it with an open mind, and therefore Mr. Lange's remarks, as an outsider and disinterested observer's, are worth sincere thought. If the system still remains intrinsically good, its position can only be strengthened by an honest analysis of its advantages and drawbacks. If, as many claim, it has outgrown its use, there can be no gain in the long run by blinding ourselves. Perhaps there are other factors that have escaped the notice of both Mr. Lange and Mr. Bond. Have we, for instance, really decided whether we mean to have a flourishing agriculture or not? How far is it a social, economic or military necessity? And, if needs be, how much will we pay to get it? For there is always a possibility that in a highly industrialized country such as ours agriculture may not be able to compete on level terms with factory and office in the financial rewards it can offer. But is financial reward really the touchstone of the attractiveness of an agricultural calling? Those who hold that it is not can certainly produce a formidable array of witnesses. In most countries it seems to be the agricultural life that attracts—its independence, its amenities, its opportunities and endless interest. But if this is so, have we realized it; have we, that is, an agricultural policy that offers these things to as many of our people as our conditions permit?

## "RHEUMATISM"

THE collection of doctrine that makes up what the text-books call "The Science and Art of Medicine" is a queer rag-bag indeed. Carefully treasured whisperings of ancient wives are bundled with the latest announcements of the laboratory; and pompous dogmas of the wig and the pomander-box jostle the cautious deductions of responsible science. In this strange collection, there is no object more quaint and curious than the extensive piece of patch-work to which the label "Rheumatism" has been affixed.

Doctors, like other people, are easily hypnotized by "blessed words." The names and terms which enrich medical jargon multiply constantly, and serve to convince simple people—distinguished physicians included—that knowledge is growing at a corresponding pace. As Mackenzie says, "When a symptom has been named, the tendency is to suppose that the name given to it reveals its nature." As might be inferred, the nomenclature of disease is about as hopeless a muddle as is medical practice itself. All the elementary principles of classification are disregarded, the generic terms overlapping quite as much as they mutually exclude. Some diseases, like tuberculosis, are grouped together because of the existence of a common causative factor, the tubercle bacillus—no matter whether the disease be in lung or hip or skin; others, as nephritis, are titled on the basis of their anatomical location, no matter what their cause or history. Others, again, owe their names to some one prominent manifestation or symptom; while some names seem to have no basis at all. Reflection on these facts will show how very little light is thrown on the real nature of an illness by even the most expert "diagnosis." Correctly labelling a specimen is a very different thing from understanding it.

Of late, public attention has been repeatedly called to the prevalence in this country of what are spoken of as "the rheumatic diseases"; and the frequency with which they figure as "causes of disability" on medical certificates has alarmed not only philanthropic hygienists but also financial administrators. It seems that, leaving out of account such consequences of "rheumatism" as valvular disease of the heart, nearly one-sixth of all the sickness certificates issued annually to the sixteen million employed men and women in Great Britain name rheumatism as the disabling ailment. It is alleged that if all the individuals thus certified were well and working, instead of rheumatic and resting, the country would be about twenty million pounds a year better off—the sort of statement that alone stirs the imagination of many. Can we wonder that people are demanding that the doctors shall furnish a "cure for rheumatism"? No one, however, whose study of the subject had extended beyond that of the advertisement columns of the newspapers could, for one moment, ask for such a self-declared impossibility. How, conceivably, could any one drug or line of treatment remedy the heterogeneous physical disorders which, among the public and doctors alike, commonly pass under the name of rheumatism? As Sir Farquhar Buzzard, Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, said the other day:

In discussing rheumatism, we are discussing a number of different morbid processes, each the result of a variety of factors, the relative values of which are yet undetermined. Can we discover a cure that will deal with all these factors at once? The problem is not simplified by the attempt to bring all conditions blessed with the name of rheumatism into one pathological category.

Lest it be suspected that these are but the reflections of a hard-boiled medical cynic, let us take a recent pro-

nouncement of the most optimistic of our official sanitarians. Sir George Newman sums up the chief medical difficulties in solving the problem as consisting in our inability to define the relation of the various forms of rheumatism to each other, our ignorance of the cause of the disease, and our differences as to the means of treatment:

Some swear by light and heat, others would be saved by water; some swear by massage and manipulation, others by rest; and some, rightly enough, do not swear at all, but proceed from case to case with tentative empiricism.

Rheumatism, indeed, might almost be defined as any disease for which no other name can be found. Or, as a distinguished professor of pathology solemnly laid it down at the Bath Conference the other week, the diagnosis of rheumatism is justifiable only "after a detailed pathological examination of the patient has failed to identify a specific cause."

Of all these "rheumatic diseases," there is one that stands out clear and distinct from the others as a definite entity. The acute rheumatism or rheumatic fever of childhood and early adult life, although varying in its outward symptoms, has much that is characteristic and specific. It is this disorder which is responsible for nearly half of all the deaths from heart-disease in this country; and it is certainly extremely desirable that its main causative factors shall, if possible, be defined. Unfortunately, there is no universal agreement among those competent to express an opinion. At the moment, the view most favoured is that the essential agent is a germ of very general prevalence, a member of the *streptococcus* group, but the direct evidence of this is unconvincing, and, in any case, such cannot be the whole of the story.

The statistical facts are puzzling. Despite the absence of any conscious effort, individual or collective, towards its suppression, rheumatic fever is declining both in frequency and—like scarlet fever—in virulence. It is a rare disease in our public schools, and a common disease in our elementary schools. It is relatively infrequent in the Poor Law boarding schools to which children of the elementary-school class alone are admitted. Lest, however, we jump to the conclusion that it is a purely poverty disease, it may be mentioned that its incidence is much less among the children of the very poor, living in overcrowded tenements, than in the relatively well-to-do artisan and policeman class. Until we know more than we do about the true nature and causation of rheumatic fever, it is idle to call upon the authorities to take active steps towards stamping it out. It may be presumed that if all our boys were public-school boys, and lived in homes like the homes of public-school boys—and if similar conditions environed their sisters—acute rheumatism would soon be a memory of the past, like the plague and typhus fever.

The chronic forms of rheumatism are many and diverse; including such conditions as rheumatoid arthritis (an inflammatory thickening of the tissues round joints, with consequent deformity and crippling), osteo-arthritis (a chronic degeneration of joint surfaces, with new bony deposits, most commonly occurring after middle-age), the various forms of sluggish inflammation of connective tissue known as fibrositis, myositis, peri-neuritis, lumbago, sciatica, and so on; and others with names too numerous to detail. The number of factors severally suspected by doctors of repute as responsible for these morbid processes is legion. The germ theory, which has proved so helpful in unravelling many pathological mysteries, has obtained a hold on uncritical medical fancy discouraging to more critical and speculative minds. Even cancer has not entirely escaped the influence of this conventional predilection; and there is not a form of so-called rheumatism, from rheumatic fever to ordinary back-ache, that is not commonly assumed by

nine doctors out of ten to be due solely and entirely to toxins absorbed from some nest of bacteria hidden in the jaws, or the tonsils, or the gall-bladder, or the appendix. Bacterial toxins are, undoubtedly, among the factors which, on occasion, are responsible for these joint and connective-tissue troubles; but it is certain that tens of thousands of teeth have been extracted, and hundreds of tonsils enucleated, without ameliorating the "rheumatic" symptoms by as much as one iota. In concentrating on focal infection, we are apt to forget that our bodies always contain plenty of poisons which normally do us no harm. Indeed, like dirt, poison seems to be but matter whose sin consists in its topographical irrelevance. We can, moreover, be poisoned just as easily by the undue retention of unwanted surplus as by the introduction of fresh elements from outside.

Vasomotor instability is certainly a very common characteristic of the "rheumatic" subject. In the absence of capillary tone—of whose very existence we have but lately learnt—it is obvious that the consequent stagnation must involve both failure to eliminate the irritating products of muscular activity and also deficient intra-cellular oxygenation. Seeing how strong is the evidence that overstrain, unfavourable climatic conditions—especially those that combine cold with damp—emotional worries and anxieties leading to adrenal and thyroid exhaustion, malnutrition and dietetic irregularities, to say nothing of those great thyroid exhausters, the bacterial toxins, all predispose to some form of rheumatic ache or ailment, and remembering also that our most potent means of relief are warmth, massage and elimination, one is driven to suspect that the feature common to the various factors accused may be the immediate cause responsible.

QUAERO

## CLEMENCEAU'S HOME

BY ERNEST DIMNET

MADAME CLEMENCEAU JACQUEMAIRE is a good writer, a good speaker and a fascinating woman. A few weeks ago I received from the SATURDAY REVIEW a book written by her, and I promised myself to give it proper attention. The title, 'French Country Life,'\* was only moderately exciting, but the frontispiece showed a romantic picture of the château of Talmont, in Vendée, where Madame Jacquemaire was brought up, and where her illustrious father was born. The jacket of the book spoke of "many interesting incidents the author had to relate of life in this château with her famous father," and it was enough. The least things we can hear about Clemenceau's early surroundings must be precious to the historian.

I have now read the volume and it is excellent reading. Madame Jacquemaire is a sprightly narrator with more poetry pent up in her than she chooses to display, but the presence of which we feel, and her reminiscences have been Englished satisfactorily by Mr. Francis Bickley. Many little scenes are charming. Though the writer is not on her knees before her childish self, as was the author of 'Evelina,' we see a clever little creature surrounded by love and admiration embodied in characters familiar, it is true, but depicted with such directness that they cannot be easily forgotten. Only one wonders why they should be disguised under pseudonyms which add nothing to our pleasure. I do not quite understand either how a family, where the men had always been country physicians, could maintain a feudal residence

\* 'French Country Life.' By Madeleine Clemenceau Jacquemaire. Translated by Francis Bickley. Williams and Norgate. 6s.



with a depressing area of roofing, four or five towers, a large park and servants enough to keep such an establishment going. There is the grandfather, the "Republican Squire," a doctor like all his forbears, but much more of a squire than a doctor, living his own life, resolutely indifferent to his neighbours, a gourmet who, strange to say, hated garlic and did not know that, in the words of a confidential cook, *l'oignon fait la sauce*, but a lovable grandfather, for all that, and a suitable father to Georges Clemenceau. There are the inevitable old maids, Mademoiselle Agathe and Mademoiselle Vincente, who stand in some undefined relationship with Tante Bonne—a quintessence of auntish excellences,—are not allowed to touch the piano because the master of the house hates the noise, and express themselves in the guarded French and sober adjectives of five generations back. There are the Vendée peasants with their costumes, dialect, antiquated customs, and loyalty to M. Augustin. There are country feasts, and arrivals, and toys from Paris. In short, there is everything that happens in a French country house, for a French little girl's delight, and all that happens in books of reminiscences.

Then there is Paris, with its usual spell, irrevocable yet unforgettable, with visits to Victor Hugo, who apparently posed even to very little girls, and sittings for one's portrait to M. Honoré Leyguier, a rosier Winterhalter; also games in the Champs-Élysées with Georges and Jeanne Hugo—far better company than their grandfather, and glimpses of M. Renan, and, finally, being bored by it all, for there is a chapter on boredom in this optimistic book.

What about M. Clemenceau? you ask. Very little, I am sorry to say. He is seen coming home from Paris and changing at once to the khaki clothes he still wears in his present retreat, and he is most wonderfully fond of his little girl: they are inseparable and he writes legends to the child's drawings, loads her with presents, and once impresses a whole band and a Guignol from some neighbouring fair to give her a unique time; but we already suspected that M. Clemenceau must always have been the rough diamond he has turned out to be in every circumstance where the politician had to make room for the man.

This is all we learn about the strongest man that has appeared in the history of our Third Republic. It is too little and we are disappointed. The problem of the contrast between the turreted castle and the future Radical-Socialist leader who was born there remains unsolved and even untouched. Madame Jacquemaire must have heard scores of conversations which certainly would give us the clue to the strange admixture in her father of the unsophisticated man with the cynic, the honest, straightforward speaker with the shrewd politician, the medical materialist with the idealistic and religiously-inclined author of 'Les Plus Forts,' but one is too interested in babyhood to remember them.

There is something else. While we enjoy 'French Country Life' and allow ourselves to be led on by its everyday charm, we cannot help thinking that everybody's childhood is so interesting to him that it has to be interesting to us. There have been hundreds of such books since André Lafon—killed in 1915—made an unexpected success with 'L'Elève Gilles,' and they are all readable because they all place the writer in that stratum in his consciousness in which he cannot but be himself.

Above all there has been Marcel Proust. Every time we are placed before certain scenes and are made to recall a certain rhythm, we have to remember 'Du Côté de chez Swann' and that extraordinary man's childhood, and nobody can sustain the comparison. Yet it is no little achievement for 'French Country Life' that it shows us not Clemenceau's daughter, but a living little girl of the name of Juliette. Many a great man's child has been only a shadow.

## THE RETURN

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

THERE was a brief lull between the emptying of vans and luggage racks and the summoning of fleets of taxis, and during that lull I stood on the arrival platform of Charing Cross and enjoyed a moment of triumph. For a second or so I might have been Gengis Khan himself. We had returned to town—as people used to say—in style. No doubt there have been more impressive arrivals at this ancient metropolis; monarchs, victorious generals, film stars, American evangelists—all these have entered here and done it in the high Roman fashion, and with them I do not offer comparison; but for a private personage, unaided by the State and the Press, without a single bayonet, camera, or notebook to support me, with not the least shred of a red carpet anywhere, I had, I consider, worked wonders. A Royal Marine band had come up on the same train, and though there were thirty or so of them, with a full complement of double basses and bombardons and shrouded tympani, I do not think there was much to choose between their arrival and ours. Indeed, I fancy the porters would have given us the verdict. The moment we were out of the station, of course, we were lost. London swallowed us.

That is one of the best things about London, its easy and obliterating gulp. It could swallow half-a-dozen supermen in a morning. Nobody can really impress it. A gape—and you are gone, whoever you are. Paris, Berlin, Rome, such cities, I feel, only wait for the arrival of the right person to prostrate themselves, to be threaded like beads on a string; but you might as well try to hatch the dome of St. Paul's as attempt to conquer this vast old muddle of ours. Once you are out in the street, London roars on, and you pay your money and tikes your choice, sime as the rest.

Why was our arrival so impressive? Why did I stand there on the platform, feeling like a patriarch surveying his sons and daughters and handmaidens and flocks and herds? Well, there were the four children, to say nothing of William the Sealyham and the goldfish. There were at least five trunks: three cabin trunks; the great green one that has so much extra wood and metal binding it that it weighs more when it is empty than a sensible trunk does when full; and that shiny black monster which emerges blinking from the darkest corner of box rooms and is as far removed from an ordinary trunk as a mastodon is from a cow. There were rows of suitcases, ranging from the complaining ancients that could only be strapped or tied up with rope to the dapper little week-end fellows. There were odds and ends: an old laundry basket; three or four hat boxes; a typewriter; a rucksack stuffed with all the things we found at the last moment; and a bewildering litter of tennis rackets and balls, walking sticks, umbrellas, and coats.

Never had I been responsible for such a colossal heap of luggage before. When I first saw it all piled in front of me, I despaired of modern life. How could a man cultivate the philosophic mind

and possess such a weight of impedimenta? I thought wistfully of the Indian sage in the jungle, the Arab meditating before his simple tent, Diogenes grinning in his tub. I remembered all that we had left behind, the odd pieces of furniture, the two model ships, the Oriental gun and dagger, the case or two of books I had accumulated during the last few months; then I remembered the two van loads of furniture stored for us in Oxford, waiting until the London house was ready, and the house itself, tons of bricks and mortar and concrete and wood, the biggest load of all. I felt I could not move; my shoulders ached beneath the burden; I had turned myself into a groaning Atlas; I was the slave of walls and chairs and bedding and bags. "Now then," screamed the host of things, "come along, come along. We've got to be looked after, y'know; got to be paid for. Stir yourself, man." Gone for ever was that freedom demanded by the philosophic mind. I had taken the wrong turning somewhere.

When I stood on Charing Cross platform, however, I despaired no longer. Who said that these were mere things? All of them meant something; they served us in their own dumb fashion; and the life they served was precious to me, far more precious than the thought of a vacant universe with one wise man in the centre of it. As for the philosophic mind, I decided at once that it must take its chance. Then immediately I discovered that its chance was a good one. Diogenes is not our only model of a philosopher, and the jungle and the desert have no monopoly of wisdom. There are more philosophies in heaven and earth than Horatio ever dreamed of, and some of them are the product not of dodging but of worrying. Quietly escaping from the pressure of things, refusing human relationships, not recognizing any obligations beyond that of listening to the voice within, these are not the only methods of becoming wise. Indeed, I suspect the wisdom of your dodgers and sneakers off, your superhumanly detached gentlemen, your calm, remote egoists. Out of the fuss and muddle and sweat, the lending and borrowings, the packing and unpacking, the schemes for this and the plans for that, the adding and subtracting, the rushing here and there, the smiles and tears and quarrels and reconciliations, even wisdom itself may come, another white flower to be plucked from these nettles of the world. So I told myself, while the four children were staring and chattering and William the Sealyham was smelling and barking. Only the goldfish were quiet. Perhaps they were wondering why their world had shrunk and shrunk until it was now only just big enough to cover fin and tail. Perhaps they never noticed, having extraordinarily detached philosophic minds.

The two younger children looked with large round eyes through the taxi window at the whirling Strand. "Are there Punches here?" one of them enquired solemnly. Both of them are too young to remember being in London before, and, indeed, are so young that they are not troubled by memory at all. The place they are in is always good enough for them, and their only hour is always the present. So far,

they are outside the double tyranny of time and space, and I suspect that is why they are happy. The heaven of not knowing that sixty minutes are ticking off the hour, that you cannot be in two places at once, this is the heaven that lies about us in our infancy. "I 'spect clowns live here," the other child observed, with even greater solemnity. Both children talk about Punches and clowns as if these creatures were simply members of another race who had settled among us. If somebody told these children that Soho was a district crowded with amusing foreign people, they would probably imagine streets of Punches and innumerable shops kept by clowns.

We had hardly time to consider this question of clowns before we were landed in an open space where everything seemed to be going round and round. The roar of motor engines, the hooting and honking, the shouts of the men selling evening papers, these and other sounds ran together to make a din not unlike that of a distant, very noisy, and very bad brass band. Lights came flickering through the dusk, high up, crazily patterned and coloured, like constellations gone mad. All the people there were in such a hurry that hundreds of them could be seen disappearing, so many Alices in Wonderland, down great holes in the ground. "Now this," I said, trying to appear quite unconcerned, "is Piccadilly Circus."

The moment I had said this, it shot behind us. After that two miles of streets fled past us too, all full of people, people trying to spend money, trying to get money, people suffering from too much rich food, people suffering from an absence of food, people who knew that in six months they might be dead, people who suddenly felt they could never die, people falling in love and falling out of love, people thinking about suicide, people thinking about steak and chips, people who had just found a job or lost one, people who were geniuses and people who were idiots, people who were Unitarians, Atheists, Roman Catholics, Theosophists, Baptists, people who were vegetarians, drunkards, non-smokers, drug-takers, socialists, pigeon-fanciers, chess players, thieves, touts, teetotalers, bible students, harlots, retired sea captains, authorities on sixteenth-century firearms, painters in water-colour, tea-tasters, metaphysicians, nursemaids, milliners, waiters off duty, translators of Persian, ticket-of-leave men, mothers of actresses, and people, people, people. And when I was tired of looking at them, I knew then that I really had returned to London.

¶ The above is the first of a series of articles which Mr. Priestley is to contribute to the SATURDAY REVIEW on London life. The articles will appear weekly until further notice.

¶ Readers who find any difficulty in obtaining copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW should communicate particulars immediately to the Circulation Manager. The address of the 'Saturday' is 9 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2. The subscription is 30s. per annum, post free to any part of the world, and pro rata.

¶ The price of 'We Fight for Oil,' published by Messrs. Knopf, and reviewed in our last issue, is 7s. 6d. and not 12s. 6d. as stated in the review.



## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression. Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

## THE PUBLIC AT GENEVA

SIR,—I venture to suggest that your special correspondent in Geneva was so intent on the debate in the Assembly that he did not consider the public galleries until a few minutes before the end of the session, when all important business was over.

As a very ordinary but interested enquirer into the League's proceedings I managed to attend every meeting of the Assembly for seven days, obtaining a seat with the utmost difficulty, so great was the crush, and sometimes being forced to stand throughout an assembly.

It was, moreover, my experience that tickets of admission were far more difficult to obtain than in previous years, and not only Americans but Englishmen were compelled to resort to bribery and corruption and warlike methods to acquire them.

The impression that I gained was that the public in the Assembly Hall consisted not of curious sightseers who lounged comfortably in well-chosen seats, but of enthusiasts who, having fought to gain admission, suffered prolonged physical discomfort from lack of accommodation.

I am etc.,

L. C. REYNOLDS

33 Constantine Road, Colchester

## A QUESTION OF DIET

SIR,—The American people are choosing a new President: and I read that the one "outstanding issue" is the Eighteenth Amendment. We have become accustomed to this sort of thing, but, if we pause and reflect, is not this information the *reductio ad absurdum* of Prohibition? Here is a nation of a hundred millions selecting the best man for what is almost the most important office a man can hold. And what divides the candidates is no great issue of right and wrong, of peace or education or progress, but a mere question of diet, barbaric taboo. One of these respected statesmen believes that his fellow-countrymen may safely drink white wine, and the other does not. One of them, if elected, will be a "Dry" President, and the other a "Wet" President. What, I wonder, would Abraham Lincoln have had to say about such puerile and degrading labels?

There are other questions of personal conduct which may become the subject of legislation among that moral people, and even in these disorderly islands. Love, for example, has led to inefficiency, extravagance and crime; and kissing may be the first step towards excessive love-making. If I suggest that at some future Presidential Election the choice may be between a "Kissing" Democrat and a "Platonic" Republican I shall be suspected of trying to be funny or fantastic. But in the light of recent history, not only in America, it is by no means fantastic: and it certainly is not funny. The fanatical "moralists" are not merely debasing the currency of politics: they are making us mad.

I am, etc.,

A. P. HERBERT

Hammersmith, W.6

## WILD ANIMALS IN CAPTIVITY

SIR,—Those among your hosts of readers who have any understanding of the question must be grateful for your outspoken comments on the barbarous wild animal slave-trade.

Now that the camera can take us to the jungle there can be no excuse for the exile and imprisonment of any wild creature. There never was any excuse at all for their exploitation in circus or music-hall. The amount of amusement to be derived from the sight of tigers or bears descending from one stool to mount another, or jumping through hoops to the accompaniment of whip-cracks, does not justify the deprivation and suffering inflicted on them.

Last week I visited an exhibition of performing wild animals at a well-known seaside town. Except for the time when they were in the arena most of the animals were kept in their travelling cages in underground premises. The cages do not allow of free movement, and those poor beasts never saw the daylight nor breathed clean air. Such conditions are quite usual for performing carnivora.

I trust, Sir, that your words will arouse the public conscience and will result in some relief for these unhappy animal slaves.

I am, etc.,

B. AVERY

West Kensington

SIR,—I was delighted to read the article in a recent issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW against the cruelty of keeping wild animals in confinement. As to the use of it, it does not teach anyone anything about their natural habits. A cinema film taken when the animal is unconscious of it, in its own haunt, is far more interesting.

My little granddaughter does not care to be taken to the "Zoo," because she is "so sorry for the poor animals," and what she thinks to-day, let us hope every child will think to-morrow.

I am, etc.,

F. E. R.

## THE MAZER BOWL

SIR,—It is unfortunate that in these days millionaires have developed a taste for antiques and are willing to offer inflated prices for anything that is at once old and rare. It is still more unfortunate that local authorities, who ought to be the vigilant guardians of our treasures, are willing to sell them, and allow them to be torn away from their appropriate surroundings and transferred to localities with which they have no associations whatsoever.

The pecuniary value of the Mazer Bowl at Saffron Walden has been discovered, and, just as a beautiful wild creature that possesses valuable fur or feathers is doomed to death, so a priceless historical relic, when its keepers realize its value, is doomed to exile.

The Mazer Bowl has been in the possession of the Saffron Walden almshouses for many hundreds of years. These vessels, usually made of mazer or maple wood, were a common feature of the Middle Ages, and were used for ceremonial drinking. Spenser more than once makes reference to them. So in 'The Faerie Queene' he says:

By his side

A mighty Mazer bowl of wine was set,  
Wherewith all new-come guests he gratified.

As is well known, Pepys visited Saffron Walden shortly before the King came to his own again, and drank out of this very bowl, which he describes. In his admirable edition of Pepys's 'Diary,' Wheatley notes: "The inscription and the bowl are still to be seen at King Edward VI's Almshouses, Saffron Walden." In the next edition it will be necessary to make a correction, stating that it was sold by the trustees.

The bowl was very old in the time of Pepys; it escaped the greedy claws of the myrmidons of Thomas Cromwell, and the bigots of the iron time of the other Cromwell, and survived the apathy of the eighteenth century. Now, in the twentieth century, it is to go.

The bowl is insured for £5,000. The trustees state that it has to be kept in the bank for safety. Why? Mr. Alfred Tresdder Sheppard, the author of 'Brave Earth,' who is making every effort to save the treasure, points out the absurdity of this contention. Saffron Walden has a museum, which a good authority has stated is one of the best of its size in the kingdom; that is surely the proper place for the Mazer Bowl. The schools are urged to teach the children civic and historic pride, and here is a stultification of such instructions by the very people who ought to encourage it and also be the faithful guardians of historic heirlooms, which they hold in trust only.

I am, etc.,

W. A. HIRST

New Oxford and Cambridge Club,  
15 Stratton Street, Piccadilly, W.1

#### PROVINCIAL ART SHOWS

SIR,—Would it not be possible to form a central metropolitan society, with the object of providing more artistic attractions for the public throughout the provinces? A show of holiday posters was held earlier in the year at Twickenham Library. Posters are interesting when one cannot have other forms of art, but it seems a pity that we cannot occasionally see some samples of continental poster-work. Every town ought to have some sort of art exhibition occasionally. Since we have had posters at Twickenham, I am hoping that we may have other forms of art on view later. In the meantime I shall be glad if you can publish this, in order to find if any other folk feel the same desire for more suburban shows.

I am, etc.,

E. URWICK

11 Old Deer Park Gardens, Richmond

#### THE TOTALISATOR

SIR,—The word totalisator (or totalizer), which Captain C. A. Knapp objects to, is of Australian origin, not American. The French inventors and first users of the system named their machine a *totalisateur*. This is better translated totaliser than totaliser, to differentiate the personal act of totalising from a machine that totalises. It was, of course, presumptuous for the Colonials to add a word to our sacred language without authority of the Privy Council, but that error does not make their rendition from the French any less acceptable outside of England. We concede that Captain Knapp as a philologist is a great authority on navigation, except that, like too many of his countrymen, he is to an extent colour blind—a dangerous defect in navigators. He sees red when he sees anything that he imagines is American. As a "blooming Colonial" I have been taken for a "blasted Yankee" dozens of times in Old England, my native land, and quite properly sat upon for my assumed misfortune. Perhaps it is for this reason that Colonials feel much more at home in New England than in Old England. We would love the Motherland more were there not so many in it of the type Captain Knapp represents. Crossing from Calais to Dover two summers ago in a steamer with a French crew, a loud-spoken superb-looking Englishman, with a pronounced "Oxford" accent, became infuriated with a deck hand who could not understand that sort of English. A bystander (from Australia) had to translate the Englishman's order, which related to finding a travelling bag the Oxford man had mislaid. As a conclusion to the row, the superior one exclaimed: "Damme, I cawn't understand why we allow the Frogs to run these boats!" It might have been Captain Knapp.

I am, etc.,

"AN AUSTRALIAN"

Jersey City, N.J., U.S.A.

#### THE JAW-BONE OF AN ASS

SIR,—It seems odd that no one would appear to have commented on the obvious fact that Verdonck's hand grasps the jaw-bone as no man's hand ever has, or could grip a wine glass, and this I submit should have suggested over-painting if nothing else did in the work of such a master as Franz Hals.

I am, etc.,

S. ARTHUR PETO

Downs Court, Sandwich, Kent

#### H.R.H. THE DUKE OF FLAMBOROUGH

SIR,—Your Reviewer (if he is not pulling our legs) appears to be in doubt as to the authenticity of the MS. But is not the question settled by the footnotes on pages 36 and 39? The mistakes are in English; but the diary, if genuine, must have been written, at any rate at first, in German. For on page 42 we are told that the boy is to go to the Court of the King his uncle, and there *acquire the language*—obviously English.

I am, etc.,

FRANK G. LAYTON

Walsall

#### CAPITULATIONS OF CASINOS

SIR,—The Chinese, with all their fondness for betting, have had to complain to the Foreign Consuls in Shanghai. The fact that it is held at night makes people in other countries look on it as a casino; and, as such, they object to it in large cities and within reach of the poorer classes.

The Englishman in China is entitled to the justice which the Chinaman would get in England; and the recent torture and murder of two hundred Japanese was not needed to prove that, without such security of person and property, he could not live there. If extra-territoriality were abolished everywhere else, it would still be necessary and just in Shanghai, which owes its very existence to its protection. But the international authorities there, by sanctioning the introduction of dog racing, have given the Chinese a grievance and an argument against the capitulations. English people too who "own" the greyhounds share the responsibility because an Englishman's lead is always accepted and copied by foreigners; and dog-racing syndicates like Englishmen of standing to win money as "owners," so as to make the thing fashionable and serve as a decoy.

The international authorities will do well to get rid of the tin hare racing at once; if necessary—although it should not be—by paying compensation. English troops and warships should not be standing guard over a casino.

I am, etc.,

C. A. KNAPP, Captain

Greece

#### THE LONDON FEVER HOSPITAL

SIR,—May I ask for the inestimable aid of publicity in your columns for the effort we are making on behalf of the London Fever Hospital, which needs the comparatively small sum of £50,000, to enable it to continue its little-known but wonderful work?

In the past 126 years this hospital has made no such general appeal. It is the only voluntary fever hospital in and around London and thus it has to meet the needs of all those, among the millions in this densely populated area, who cannot afford private isolation and treatment and who do not wish to make use of rate-aided institutions when they or those dependent upon them are stricken with one or other of the fevers—typhoid, para-typhoid, diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, etc.

Our Patron is His Majesty The King, whose interest and support are constant. I am happy and very thankful to be able to add that in Her Royal Highness The Duchess of York we have another staunch sympathizer who is giving us invaluable practical aid



in raising the money. In a letter to the Lord Mayor of London Her Royal Highness offers to do anything in her power to help. We are trebly fortunate in having the whole-hearted support of the Lord Mayor himself, who is making a special appeal on our behalf.

For obvious reasons a fever hospital cannot encourage visitors and we come before the public only on rare occasions. Nearly seventy years ago Charles Dickens—whose knowledge of the circumstances and difficulties of those for whom we provide was "extensive and peculiar"—knew the London Fever Hospital and wrote in praise of its beneficent services. To-day, with heavier burdens of expense to carry and with infinitely more exacting work to do, we need, and need very sorely, £50,000, for which we now appeal. A new isolation building is our most pressing necessity. The existing building is beyond repair and out of date, yet isolation is the very essence of our work. Only the devotion of our staff enables us to continue in face of our present worries. We shall be thankful and very grateful for any financial help. This should be sent to the Secretary, London Fever Hospital, Liverpool Road, Islington, N.1, or to me at 1 Howick Place, S.W.1.

I am, etc.,

The London Fever Hospital, EBURY  
Liverpool Road, N.1

### NO COMPLAINTS

SIR,—The capital article by Mr. Gerald Gould deserves more than a passing notice. As one who has all his life lived in hotels both here and on the Continent, I think I can speak with some experience.

At one time of day—it is rather a long while—one had quite an excellent dinner under private proprietorship. One wanted nothing better at five shillings than that offered, say, at the Granville, Ramsgate, or the Pavilion, Folkestone, to name only two. Of course Simpson's in the Strand wanted some beating at 2s. 9d., or thereabouts, eat as much as you want. But the stuff was A1, and the service, like the food, could not have been beaten.

Where one to-day expects to find really French cooking and a well-ordered French table d'hôte one finds chops and steaks on the menu. I refrain for obvious reasons from naming the restaurant in particular, but the latter has only just been my experience. War or no, it seems incredible, while one ostensibly visits a restaurant where one can obtain what he set out to do, specially or otherwise, that such a state of things should prevail.

I am, etc.,

FRANK MARSHALL

## THE THEATRE

### THE CHEERFUL NOTE

BY IVOR BROWN

*By Candle Light.* Adapted from the German of Siegfried Geyr by Harry Graham. Prince of Wales's Theatre.

*The Lord of the Manor.* By J. Hastings Turner. Apollo Theatre.

*Diversion.* By John Van Druten. Little Theatre.

*The Constant Nymph* (Revival). By Margaret Kennedy and Basil Dean. The Garrick Theatre.

THE mechanical arts are growing up and growing fast. It will not be long, I suppose, before Mr. Everyman can be a dramatic critic on his instalment-system hearth. Having paid ten shillings down and mortgaged his beer-money (if indeed anything so vulgar as beer ever touches his lips) for the rest of his life, he will have sufficient equipment to listen-in and see-in to every entertainment in London. A few years ago parents were hopefully invited to

keep their boys at home by turning the dining-table into a billiard-board; in the very near future they will be seeking to set a similar kindly curb on errant youth by converting the dining-room into a talkie-theatre and keeping the home-films turning. But I cannot believe that the hitherto hopeless task of making home-life tolerable to the adolescent human young is going to be solved by tinned art any more than it has been by parlour billiards and by the gramophones whose shares are as the shares of ten now that their tone is pure. Fortunately for civilization, which is mainly the art of living in towns, people do like to go about, to be in company and see things for themselves.

None the less the tinned art that is going to be laid on like gas and water, and at smaller prices, has a tremendous economic pull over the theatre which has to re-create its performance every evening for the benefit of a small and a single gathering. It is perfectly obvious that if the theatre is going to be expensively incompetent, as it so often has been in London during the last few years, and if it is going to ape stupidly that which the canned and bottled goods department can supply so much more lavishly and cheaply, then the game will soon be up. The big spectacular melodrama is dead. It is useless now to parade some park-hacks on a revolving stage and call it a great turf thrill, or to sink a ship in a sea of curvetting canvas and say that the theatre has surpassed itself. Let the films have their victory. Let the talkies intervene with the spoken word. But the sense of an occasion, which going to the play evokes, remains and remains delightful. So long as we have lustre of personality and the organic quality which stage team-work creates (in a good production the effect is always far more than the sum of the played parts), then the theatre is safe. Now it happens that after a dull spring and summer the theatre seems to have discovered its strength again, and responded to the new challenge. I go to the play on an average four nights a week and for a fortnight I have not been bored, a unique occurrence in my life. Permit me, therefore, to sound with an unusual assurance the cheerful note.

After seeing, for instance, 'By Candle Light,' I fear no foe in shining aluminium. Pile Vitaphone on Movietone and both on teleoptic apparatus and I am unmoved. This play has the oldest farcical plot in the world (butler-into-baron, baron-into-butler) and comes out in its maturity as fresh as an autumn morning of passing frost and surging sun, which must surely be the best kind of morning in the world. Its freshness is due to personality; Mr. Leslie Faber's grave mischief as the lord who takes his lackey by surprise and determines that the game shall be played to the end is not to be surpassed in debonair finesse; Mr. Ronald Squire, as the lackey snatching at licence and grasping only an amorous dilemma, is not second in suave slimness to our memories of Hawtrey himself. And what shall we say of Miss Yvonne Arnaud, whose style of acting has the very glove-fit for polite nonsense and sparkling naughtiness, whose pouts and purrs and laughter body forth the very essence of the innocent adventuress? 'By Candle Light' is a title more invitational than accurate. There is an electric glitter as of boulevards illuminated. But, whatever the source of the flame, the light should be followed. Here is the theatre doing one of its very old jobs in the very best of new manners.

So, too, with 'The Lord of the Manor,' a comedy about tramps sent gate-crashing in "the hall" by order of a mild revolution. It might have floundered away into some fearsomeness of farce; Mr. Hastings Turner and his producer have been loyal to comedy of character as being the proper business of civilized drama. The fractious fogley of a squire, richly played by Mr. Frank Cellier, is humanly observed and recorded and is no puppet of preposterous ire pro-

jected to win easy laughs. There is much of English temper in this gentleman whose explosions are all of blank ammunition, who receives his compulsory guests in the grand manner, and for whom the sun never goes down upon choler. Another admirable study is that of Miss Alix Frizell, playing the cool, "county" lady who is wife to the fractious man and is always the successful warder of his wrath. I recommend this manor-house; here, too, the air is keen and the company excellent.

Mr. Van Druten in 'Diversion' does not hesitate to follow the logic of his piece. He might, of course, have shown his passion-tormented boy released from the agony of his dalliance and disenchantment with the glittering mistress of other men, and then given us an ironic epilogue of five years later in which the young husband is shown serenely preparing to go a-golfing with a harmless little Hampstead wife. But he has determined to show that Aphrodite is still abroad in the land, shooting as straight as Artemis and shooting to kill. It is possible to criticize the likeliness of such happenings in this tragedy of a middle-class Troilus and false Cressida of the nightclub set, but its power is so persuasive and some of its comedy scenes are so penetrating that I far prefer to approve the whole than to grumble over the parts. Mr. Van Druten, I believe, is going fully to justify the luck he had with 'Young Woodley.' It was rare fortune for a young dramatist to begin with a "good news story" (provided by the Censor who condemned in haste and repented at leisure) and also with a model cast and production by Mr. Dean. 'Diversion,' touching a similar theme in a quite different way, increases promise, and Miss Auriol Lee's production evokes the best from a team in which all are good and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, Miss Alison Leggatt, Mr. Maurice Evans and Mr. C. V. France are better than good. Mr. Van Druten writes of 'Spring's awakening,' as Wedekind called it, but his sources are his own knowledge of the normal nature which may, under pressure, do and suffer terrible things and not the too informative text-books of sexual psychology with their ghastly examples of emotional vagary. It seems that our younger players can beautifully respond to the delicacy of detail and gently compassionate humours of Mr. Van Druten's views of life. Mr. Evans is a great discovery; Miss Leggatt we knew before, and it is obvious that if he chooses to write a 'Young Miss Woodley,' as he nearly did in 'Chance Acquaintance,' there is his leading actress.

The recasting of 'The Constant Nymph' also shows the resources of acting which the London Stage possesses, and the performance is rich in that unique personal magnetism which must be our counter against the mechanized arts. Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson's Tessa has less of earthen reality than the charmingly human child of Miss Edna Best's portrait; but it has in abundance all that strangeness with beauty which this actress sets like a nimbus around all her parts. She has not yet won great range of voice or mood, but the intensity and purity of her work within her limits are exquisite. Miss Frances Doble, a gentler Florence, takes some of the sting out of the part and makes one feel for the owner of the silver sty as well as against her, thus rendering the story more plausible and giving it a fuller emotional balance. Mr. Raymond Massey's Dodd is also gentler than the last one; he shows a wayward lover more clumsy than cruel, and he too helps the poise of the play by his exquisite rendering of the last scene, where Dodd's conduct must be illumined by a supreme simplicity if it is not to seem well-nigh devilish. Mr. Massey's work has matured rapidly in the last two years. He is another reason why our theatre-walls will not fall down when the talkie-man blows upon his trumpet, against whose blast I impenitently set my cheerful note.

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS—136

SET BY PETER TRAILL

A. *People complain that the old London cries have died. Two new kinds of pedlars have, however, made their appearance—the ice cream and the "hot dog" man. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best rhymed appeals of not more than six lines which might serve as new London cries for one or other of these salesmen.*

B. *Ladies are now reputed to be wearing their hair short for lunch and long for dinner. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best four-lined rhymed epigram in English upon their compromise.*

### RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 136a, or LITERARY 136a).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, October 15, 1928. The results will be announced in the issue of October 20.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 134

SET BY MAURICE BARING

A. *We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a description in not more than 500 words of the rules of a new game called "Golf Cricket," played by two teams of eleven on a cricket ground in which there are holes as well as wickets.*

B. *We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a translation of these lines of the poet Roy:*

Sur un mince cristal l'hiver conduit leurs pas;  
Le précipice est sous la glace,  
Telle est de vos plaisirs la légère surface,  
Glissez, mortels, n'appuyez pas.

### REPORT FROM MR. T. EARLE WELBY

134A. In no circumstances should I be a tolerable substitute for Mr. Maurice Baring, but when the question is of cricket and golf, or rather of a blend of the two, I must confess myself the complete outsider. Assuming, however, that the game would be for the amusement of persons unlearned in all that our great educational institutions teach as well as for scholars, I feel entitled to complain that the game as outlined by most competitors appears dull. As for the form of the entries, it seems to me that obvious burlesque, unless given a superficial plausibility or so funny as to need no excuse, should disqualify a competitor. Lucidity is clearly a requirement, and I grieve that so many competitors should not at once have made clear the objects of batters and fielders.

Charles Moore, E. S. Goodwill, Pentavel, F. D. Petre, Robert Leslie, Doris Elles, James Hall, and Sinclair have sketched out games which sound possible and more or less interesting. With some hesitation I award the First Prize to Lester Ralph and the Second to M. Holland, chiefly because she



has produced a number of the technical terms every new game requires.

The best thing about this rather disappointing mass of entries is that many of them come from readers who have hitherto not striven for our prizes: the worst is the absence of fun.

#### FIRST PRIZE

(The object of this game being to provide spectacular amusement, and a gentle form of exercise for players of any age or sex, an attempt has been made in framing the rules to eliminate undue risk and fatigue, while approximating to the more modern features of both cricket and golf.)

The wicket shall be the smoothest obtainable, prepared after the manner of a "hard court" at Tennis, or of a "cricket pitch" at Lord's, the stumps fixed as in cricket, but made of a thinness susceptible to the slightest shock from the small, hollow, india-rubber ball, the size of a golf ball.

The eighteen golf holes shall be disposed, as in Clock Golf, round the field, an extra "run" being credited to the batsman whenever he succeeds in getting his ball holed out into two consecutively numbered tins; but the batsman is under no compulsion to drive towards any particular number.

Should a batsman be so successful as to complete the eighteen holes in the right order, his score shall be doubled, and congratulations suitably awarded in the "Nineteenth."

The bowler may place his field as he chooses, his objects being the same as at cricket; but he may bowl only "creepers," any delivery rising, in the umpire's opinion, more than two inches from the pitch being declared "No Ball."

The rules as to "Caught," "Run Out," "Stumped," "L.B.W.," "Wide" and "Bye" shall be the same as in cricket.

The batsman, armed with a mashie-niblick of standard dimensions, shall endeavour to place the ball either out of reach of the fielders, or as far as possible from any hole.

(N.B.—The latter alternative should encourage the novice with whom accuracy is a constant source of distress.)

If the batsman elects to emulate the more modern methods of Safety First at cricket, he will do well and lucratively by blocking the ball, and leaving its subsequent disposal to the fielders.

Should the batsman succeed in driving past the fielders, he and his partner may walk in stately manner between the wickets, scoring runs as at cricket, until the ball shall have been returned by a fielder wielding a putter.

When the fielder stops the hit, by any means in his power, it shall be his business to putt it into the nearest hole, in the least number of strokes, each of which counts one run to the batsman. "Byes," unless they reach the boundary (counting four runs in common with hit boundaries) shall be dealt with by the nearest fielder in the same way as hit balls. The blocked ball must similarly be putted to the nearest hole by the wicket-keep.

The spectators shall be encouraged, as at Golf, to cluster round the striker, and allowed to make opprobrious or consolatory remarks, or disconcerting noises, at any moment. They shall also be allowed to follow the ball throughout its various progresses.

No player shall be allowed to raise his head until the moment when the ball actually comes within the purview of his lowered eyes.

LESTER RALPH

#### SECOND PRIZE

Golf Cricket, the new game which is everywhere becoming so popular, has not many rules and is very easy to learn. It is played with tennis balls and a "Clubbat" (which, as the name implies, is a cross between a golf club and a cricket bat) on an ordinary cricket ground dotted with ten holes or "Buckets." The side that goes in has eleven "Drivers" and

the side fielding ten "Catchers" and a Bowler. Each Catcher stands by his Bucket and the Drivers send one man in at a time, whose object is to drive as many balls as possible into the Buckets. The Catchers try to catch the balls and prevent them going into the Buckets. No Catcher is allowed to touch a ball after it has bounced twice. If a ball goes straight into a Bucket without bouncing at all, it is called a "plug" and counts 3. If it goes in after the second bounce, it is a "jug" and counts 2, and if it goes in after the third bounce, it is called a "bouncer" and counts 1.

Each Driver goes in in turn and has six balls bowled to him. This is an "over" and at the end of the six the next man goes in. If two balls go into the same Bucket, this is called a "Full House" and the Driver is entitled to six more balls, or a free count of 10. If three or more balls go into the same Bucket, it is called a "Stuffy" and the side is allowed a second innings. After each player has had his "over," the balls are collected and brought back to the bowler, or "Tosser." If a Catcher gets his foot caught in a Bucket and falls down, he has to remain on the ground and is not allowed to catch for the rest of the "over." If the same player falls twice he has to join the side of the Drivers and play for them. If a Driver hits a ball to the boundary, he is allowed a free drive from wherever the ball settles. When a ball lying on the field is hit by another and so driven into a Bucket, this is a "lucky" and scores 1 point. If the ball that hits it also goes into a Bucket, it is a "Jack" and counts 3, but if they go into the same Bucket it is a "Full House Jack" and counts 8, and if there are already one or more balls in the Bucket, it is a "Stuffy Jack" and counts 20.

If after the second bounce the ball has not entered a Bucket, the driver may try to make runs, but he may only run as long as the ball is travelling. If it goes into a Bucket he forfeits the runs. The number of runs made is added to the score.

The sides take turns to go in, and the first to score 100 wins the game.

M. HOLLAND

134B. The entries for this competition were very numerous, but a large proportion of them fell beneath the standard usually maintained. Several competitors seemed to think themselves invited to produce, not a terse and neatly turned quatrain, but a prolix sermon in verse or prose. A great many failed to do the thing before all else necessary in entering on translation, the selection of what is to be reproduced precisely, as the core of the original, from a piece with which elsewhere liberties may be taken. Particularly, most competitors missed the antithesis between "glissez" and "n'appuyez pas." Instead of giving us that, they offered only a vague exhortation to speed. Another defect was the ear-trying unintended jingle of "ice" and "precipice" in versions of the second line.

G. H. F. was rather neat, but denied us rhyme. Janics had some merit, but did not keep close enough to the original. Except for an inversion to secure a rhyme, Beatrice Greaves did pretty well. Mrs. Herbert showed her usual ingenuity, but I do not like "sweet" in relation to "fragile surface." (Still less do I approve of several competitors who warned mortals not to "sip" or "taste," as if they were recklessly disporting themselves at a soda fountain with the hazard of para-typhoid.) H. D. Crofton erred chiefly in using sixteen lines to render four. Lester Ralph, though good, was below his usual form. As much may be said of George van Raalte. P. R. Laird spoiled a good entry by the *cheville* "man of clay." Issachar, Suffolk, James Hall (whose denunciation of those who look below the surface as "prying beasts" had no excuse in the original), T. E. Casson, and Hilary deserve mild commendation.

The First Prize is awarded to L. B.; the Second Prize to G. Rostrevor Hamilton.

#### FIRST PRIZE

On winter's delicate icy trackways faring  
The traveller sees the abyss beneath his skate;  
Even so is pleasure's fragile surface, bearing  
Thy flying passage, Man, but not thy weight.

L. B.

#### SECOND PRIZE

Where Winter leads, thin ice bridges the mountain pass;  
Under it yawn the deep abysses:  
Such is the fickle surface, mortals, of your blisses,  
Rest not upon it, glide and pass.

G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON

## BACK NUMBERS—XCIII

NO doubt it is dangerous to write of an author in the fervent fit excited by rediscovery, but these articles, as has been explained more than once, are merely table-talk, springing out of the occasion, and not pondered and comprehensive judgments. The chance of a sleepless night has sent me to Froude's History, at which I had not looked for twenty years, and with two volumes devoured I have perhaps enough fresh experience of him, somewhat dim recollections of his other works helping, to hazard an estimate, of the sort that one improvises at table. This, of course, is the periodical in which amends should be made to Froude, for it was in the SATURDAY REVIEW that Freeman, in a long series of criticisms, damaged beyond repair Froude's reputation for accuracy and impartiality.

\* \*

Probably no one has worked at any subject treated by Froude without coming on slip or perversion. Even I, mildly researching some years ago into the matter of Mary Queen of Scots simply because a great poet I was concerned with had written a trilogy on her, found Froude doing a dreadful thing, the citation against her as evidence of a document whose author had expressly said he did not credit the rumour he reported. Inaccuracy is doubtless a grievous sin in an historian; prejudice, as clearly revealed as Froude's often is, need not be denounced so harshly. Let opponents be at once presented with the admission that Froude, besides being inaccurate, was sometimes narrowly patriotic and Protestant; and let it be allowed that his honesty of purpose is the only, the inadequate, excuse for his dealings with Carlyle. After all concessions, how entertaining and stimulating a writer remains to us!

\* \*

Consider, first of all, his style. One used to be told that he was under obligation for it to Newman, and indeed he owed something to his first master, though nothing, as regards manner, to his second, Carlyle. But, it seems to me now, the peculiar attraction of Froude's style at its best arises from the too seldom perceived fact that it is an unobtrusively but perceptibly novel variant of an accepted and in itself attractive standard style. The basis of it is that style which the eighteenth century handed on to the less eccentric writers of the nineteenth, a clear, measured, well-mannered, untricky style, in which some of the best qualities of the man of the world are combined with a certain academic nicety. Now a history written in that style might be expected to read rather like Hume's; but Froude, keeping very close to the standard, insinuates into that style, from time to time, a more delicate colour and a less obvious music than can be found in any of its previous masters. It is rather as if Southey had quietly become just a little æsthetic. The charm is in the surprise of finding that colour and music in what is substantially a style without promise of them.

\* \*

Everyone knows the famous prelude:

For, indeed, a change was coming upon the world, the meaning and direction of which even still is hidden from us, a change from era to era. The paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were broken up; old things were passing away, and the faith and the life of ten centuries were dissolving like a dream. Chivalry was dying; the abbey and the castle were soon together to crumble into ruins; and all the forms, desires, beliefs, convictions of the old world were passing away, never

to return. A new continent had risen up beyond the western sea. The floor of heaven, inlaid with stars, had sunk back into an infinite abyss of immeasurable space; and the firm earth itself, unfixed from its foundations, was seen to be but a small atom in the awful vastness of the universe. In the fabric of habit in which they had so laboriously built for themselves, mankind were to remain no longer.

It is beautiful prose; and yet—!

\* \*

A passage of similar intention in Walter Pater, and here Froude is not far in mood or in merit from Pater, would have been thoroughly justified by its sequel: Froude gives us no true sequel. "And now it is all gone," he continues musically enough in his next paragraph, but the passage remains somehow unattached. Just there is one of the commonest faults of Froude as a writer of fine, imaginative prose. Some day we shall have inflicted on us, by an American or a German professor, a vast monograph on transition; I can only hope that it will take account of the very best example in English poetry, the miraculous imaginative tact with which Shelley, in 'Epipsychidion,' a poem originally conceived on a somewhat mundane level, passes and repasses between heaven and earth, and of the very worst examples in English prose, which are Froude's.

\* \*

But if Froude's sometimes exquisite preludes are followed by nothing quite worthy of them, he abounds in passages of most admirable descriptive and expository prose. Even in that matter of Mary Queen of Scots, who can refrain from applauding the pages which tell of the murders of Rizzio, of Darnley, or of the final scene? Who can read without emotion his praise, almost worthy of its subject, of the Anglican liturgy? And then, outside the History, he exhibits an extraordinary talent for the fable. Of the kind, there is nothing better in our literature, for salt and for propriety of demure and damaging style, than 'The Cat's Pilgrimage,' in which a cat, earnestly seeking for a right way of life, hears from every beast the commandment of duty, but receives such contradictory or incomplete interpretations of duty as to be utterly confounded; nothing better, unless it be 'The Bread-Fruit Tree,' that is, the tree of Faith, inexhaustible, as it was supposed, but at long last found unproductive. Froude was an undeveloped fabulist, a still more undeveloped novelist, and it may be that as historian he would have done better without promptings from his not fully exercised talents for other work. But at least he was a vivid artist in the writing of history.

\* \*

In the end, what criticisms, however well founded, of Froude as historian mean is only that he was a fallible chronicler and a somewhat prejudiced judge. I cannot see, in my slight acquaintance with history, that they seriously affect him as an artist, a master of description, of portraiture, of narrative. His point of view is not difficult to discover. Having made up his mind that we must not trouble too much about the ugliness or savagery of the means to great ends, he becomes in some sort the apologist of violent or unscrupulous personages. Morally, all that may be very objectionable, but in art it is little worse than the novelist's acceptance of whatever conduces to his climax. And I find myself wishing that he had frankly abandoned all pretence of judging, and given us Henry VIII from Henry's own point of view. He had understanding of that great creature, and understanding is very much rarer than moral judgment.

STET.



## REVIEWS

## MR. LAWRENCE'S POETRY

BY EDWARD SHANKS

*The Collected Poems of D. H. Lawrence.*  
Secker. 2 vols. 21s.

IT is usual to say when a poet produces his collected poems that one welcomes the opportunity of forming a comprehensive judgment on his work. With these two volumes before me, convenient, pleasant to handle and to read, and undoubtedly packed with good stuff, I find in myself a strange reluctance to say anything of the sort. On the whole, cowardly as it may be, I would rather have been excused. There is no suave literary pleasure—or very little—to be found in this work. One cannot deal with it by picking out beauties here and there, though there are a good many to be picked. One must take it altogether, good and bad, rough and smooth, and either try to make something out of the whole of it or else throw the whole of it away. One must, in fact, go through something of the author's own agonies in the writing of it.

He himself gives us an unmistakable warning in his preface:

The first poems I ever wrote, if poems they were, was when I was nineteen: now twenty-three years ago. I remember perfectly the Sunday afternoon when I perpetrated those first two pieces: 'To Guelder-Roses' and 'To Campions'; in springtime, of course, and, as I say, in my twentieth year. Any young lady might have written them and been pleased with them; as I was pleased with them. But it was after that, when I was twenty, that my real demon would now and then get hold of me and shake more real poems out of me, making me uneasy. I never "liked" my real poems as I liked 'To Guelder-Roses.'

He means, of course, that he might have become a literary craftsman of a very high order of accomplishment, but chose instead, or was forced, to use poetry as a means of coming to terms with a mysterious and raging passion within himself. This process is equally observable in his novels. 'The White Peacock,' apart from certain clumsinesses of construction, evidently due only to inexperience, is a well-shaped and often beautifully-written book. There is one passage in it, the keeper's funeral, which for several pages together maintains the level of the loveliest and most melodious prose in modern English. His second novel, 'The Trespasser,' is even more shapely, under better discipline and, indeed, at this point he seemed to be trying a road quite different from the one which he has actually travelled. He found himself eventually obliged to put craftsmanship, almost even literature itself, on one side, not, like most innovators, in search of a higher craftsmanship, a new convention of literary beauty, but because the very attitude it implied was intolerable to his "demon." The man who could write 'The White Peacock' did not commit the ineptitudes which we find in 'Aaron's Rod' and 'The Plumed Serpent' because he knew no better. It would be as reasonable to take the rags and dirt of St. Francis as conclusive evidence that he was born in the gutter. Mr. Lawrence put away many literary advantages which were his, just as the saints of the church put away wealth and position, because he felt that they imperilled the immortal health of his soul. When he writes a bad, raw sentence, we must take it as the equivalent of a mortification of the flesh. Admirers of the teaching of St. Francis sometimes find his personal habits a little hard to put up with, but they do put up with them: if we admire Mr. Lawrence, we must do the same with his style.

Though he has (rather unfortunately, I think) suppressed 'To Guelder-Roses' and 'To Campions,' it

is quite easy to see side by side in these volumes the poet he might have been and the poet he has actually become. That other poet, the controlled and careful craftsman, would, if he had survived, have been no mean fellow. He survived into the collection called 'Look! We Have Come Through,' in which his doom was first irrevocably pronounced and in that he deposited at least one poem, 'Giorno dei Morti,' which the anthologists of to-day and to-morrow will certainly not overlook. To his account, too, I think, must be put the dramatic and dialect poems which Mr. Lawrence prefers to ascribe to the "demon." I should say that such pieces as are contained in the sequence 'Whether or Not' belong to the normal Muse which, eventually, the "demon" could not endure to have in the same body with him and therefore expelled. It is the work of a vigorous, daring and original but quite objective and unphilosophical poet. It does nothing, even with the alterations Mr. Lawrence has made in it since its first publication, but tell a story and tell it exceedingly well, the story of a young policeman who was going to be married, but fell with his landlady:

Dunna thee tell me it's his'n, mother,  
Dunna thee, dunna thee!  
—Oh ay, he'll come and tell thee his-sen,  
Wench, wunna he?

Tha doesna mean ter say ter me, mother,  
He's gone wi' that—  
—My gel, ow't'll do for a man i' th' dark;  
Tha's got it flat!

But 'er's old, mother, 'er's twenty year  
Older nor him—  
—Ay, an' yaller as a crowflower; an' yet i' th' dark  
Er'd do for Tim.

Tha niver believes it, does ter, mother?  
It's somebody's lies.  
—Ax 'im thy-sen, wench; a widder's lodger!  
It's no surprise.

The uncompromising use of sordid material and of the coarse, hard Nottinghamshire dialect do not conceal the fact that this is a highly successful literary adaptation of the ballad convention carried out by a poet who knows very well what he is about. The whole sequence is one of the very best attempts at dialect poetry made in recent times.

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In some other of the dramatic poems of about this time we find the process of change (for it is more than a process of mere development) evidently at work. Such is the wife's soliloquy, 'Love on the Farm,' where we move from the swallow frightened

Out of the nest's warm, busy ball,  
Whose plaintive cry is heard as she flies  
In one blue stoop from out the sties  
Into the twilight's empty hall,

to the husband's return:

I hear his hand on the latch, and rise from my chair  
Watching the door open; he flashes bare  
His strong teeth in a smile, and flashes his eyes  
In a smile like triumph upon me; then careless-wise  
He flings the rabbit soft on the table board  
And comes towards me: ah! the uplifted sword  
O! his hand against my bosom! and oh, the broad  
Blade of his glance that asks me to applaud  
His coming! With his hand he turns my face to him  
And caresses me with his fingers that still smell grim  
Of the rabbit's fur! God, I am caught in a snare!  
I know not what fine wire is round my throat;  
I only know I let him finger there  
My pulse of life, and let him nose like a stoat  
Who sniffs with joy before he drinks the blood.

And down his mouth comes to my mouth! and down  
His bright dark eyes come over me, like a hood  
Upon my mind! his lips meet mine, and a flood  
Of sweet fire sweeps across me, so I drown  
Against him, die, and find death good.

Here we have the authentic Lawrence in full blast, the Lawrence whose business it is ever to contemplate what he considers the only vital mystery, the mystery of sex which bears its own solution somewhere within it, and which it is better to contemplate than not, even though the solution should never reveal itself. Here too we begin to have the Lawrence who finds it necessary to throw aside all considerations of style and even of euphony when they threaten to break in upon his contemplation.

Apparently at first he thought that the mystery had yielded to him its solution. The "Argument" of 'Look! We Have Come Through' concludes, in the original edition, with this sentence: "The conflict of love and hate goes on between the man and the woman, and between these two and the world around them, till it reaches some sort of conclusion, they transcend into some condition of blessedness." Now the last seven words are omitted: Mr. Lawrence does not think that blessedness comes as easily to hand as he did. Nor has he now what could be called a philosophy in the sense that it offers us the blessedness of a final point to rest on. All he could now assert is that we must contemplate the mystery: we cannot, he at any rate does not, hope for a solution, but in this compulsion and in this acceptance of an unsatisfied but undiminished desire for knowledge, there is a kind of peace.

It is the unsatisfied but undiminished desire for knowledge which makes the whole of Mr. Lawrence's later poetry. He contemplates the mystery wherever he can find it and, if contemplation yields him no answer, it does at least give him an extraordinary reality of communion with all sorts of vivid life. Particularly the animals in these poems exist magnificently. The donkey:

Hee! Hee! Ehee! Ehow! Ehaw! Oh! Oh! Oh-h-h!  
The wave of agony bursts in the stone that he was,  
Bares his long ass's teeth, flattens his long ass's ears,  
straightens his donkey neck,  
And howls his pandemonium on the indignant air.

The he-goat:

Sometimes he turns with a start, to fight, to challenge, to suddenly butt.  
And then you see the God that he is, in a cloud of black hair  
And storm-lightning-slitted eye.  
Splendidly planting his feet, one rocky foot striking the ground  
with a sudden rock-hammer announcement.  
I am here!  
And suddenly lowering his head, the whorls of bone and of horn

Slowly revolving towards unexploded explosion,  
As from the stem of his bristling, lightning-conductor tail  
In a rush up the shrieking duct of his vertebral way  
Runs a rage drawn in from the ether divinely through him  
Towards a shock and a crash and a smiting of horns ahead.

The snake:

He reached down from a fissure in the earth-wall in the gloom  
And trailed his yellow-brown slackness soft-bellied down, over  
the edge of the stone trough  
And rested his throat upon the stone bottom,  
And where the water had dripped from the tap, in a small  
clearness,  
He sipped with his straight mouth,  
Softly drank through his straight gums, into his slack long  
body,  
Silently.

It is as though the very motion of the poet's inquietude had attained a sort of stillness in which the objects he regards can be perceived with an unusual distinctness, more than themselves without ceasing to be themselves. Mr. Lawrence, after struggling with his demon, has gone hand in hand with him in search of a philosophy. He does not now, I imagine, hope any longer that this will lead to a goal. But his utter abandonment of himself to the search has produced in him a state of mind different from that which possessed him before. He is completely open to impressions and they are impressions received from a new world. We may enjoy, if we will, the poet that for a time he was and that he might have continued to be, but we shall miss a more exciting, if more bewildering, experience if we do not also reckon with the poet that he has become.

## A LITERARY LOG

*A London Bookman.* By Frank Swinnerton.  
Secker. 7s. 6d.

MR. SWINNERTON'S is probably the best book of its sort since Mr. Arnold Bennett's 'Books and Persons.' It has less vivacity and more responsibility: Mr. Swinnerton does not see himself as "a card" in literary London, though he is not without a relish for adventures among new books, and except in his tirade against Raleigh, who was at least an unusual kind of professor, he is checked in his raptures and exasperations by a conscience. On the whole, where Mr. Swinnerton differs from the Mr. Arnold Bennett of other days it is for the better. We would not have our critics of contemporary literature too clever, too quick in meeting a writer half-way instead of waiting to let him come to them. But his book, and not merely because it is fashioned out of excerpts from a literary letter to a periodical, is unsatisfactory in that Mr. Swinnerton has no one method. Often he is simply the chronicler, without retrospect or prospect, presenting us with unrelated fact and a passing comment. At other times, happily inspired, he offers us critical miniatures of writers whom he has known, and these, though mostly on too small a scale, are of real value. Of Massingham, of Clutton-Brock, of W. H. R. Rivers, among others, he has made little portraits which add something to what may be learned of them through their writings. The peculiar gloom and the hearty, silent laughter and the strong language of Massingham, the attitude of Clutton-Brock, these are things, not of great moment because neither was a big writer, but significant and noted by a real interpreter of character. They make us wish that Mr. Swinnerton had given us a whole book of such character sketches.

There would have been failures in it, to be sure. Mr. Swinnerton takes leave of justice when he deals with Raleigh and with Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer. It is reasonable to point out what is "cold, facetious (with the apparently inevitable facetiousness of the professor), and hard" in the judgments of Raleigh, but there is more in Raleigh than that, and Mr. Swin-



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nerton sees nothing more, except pedagogic insolence. To Mr. Hueffer he allows many merits, but can sum him up as one who has fine taste in literature but none in taste, and as the author of more "disabled masterpieces" than any contemporary. Well, partly for reasons that there is no room to enter on here, and partly for reasons that could not be put into print anywhere, Mr. Hueffer has never had, and perhaps may never have, his due; but there are not six novels written in our time that would not seem rather thin or contrived after a reading of the war trilogy of a novelist who has done so much else.

What Mr. Swinnerton needs here is what he recommends to Mrs. Woolf in a very acute passage on the fiction of the intellectuals. He needs tolerance of a quality which may be coarse or otherwise repellent, but without which certain kinds of art simply cannot be produced. Very justly, he chides the intellectuals of a certain school with rejecting the commonplace, which no great novelist has ever done. "All these brilliant young people . . . have no capacity to create character, and for this reason they are not novelists at all. They are students of form, experimenters in technique. They come to the novel by way of æsthetic theory, and not in obedience to the creative impulse." That is perfectly true. The trouble begins very often with an excessive valuation of those novelists, great but not among the very greatest, who have proceeded by the dissection or the gradual building up of character instead of by creating it at once, in the round, in the way of Shakespeare or Balzac. Add a taste for subtlety simply as such, and in the absence of any strong impulse to create and with the presence of an impulse to write finely the novel of the elect comes into existence. Mr. Swinnerton might have clinched his argument by saying that whereas the greatest novelists (and the lesser who follow their method) conceive character in the mass, and as they work on discover traits in it of which at the conception they had little or no suspicion, the intellectuals engaged in refining our fiction mistake their inability to create solidly and at a stroke for a finer sense of the fluidity of character. The novel, however, is only paying the penalty of being, as drama was in Elizabethan days, the most popular and elastic contemporary form. And if Mr. Swinnerton will agree to call Mrs. Woolf something other than a novelist, he too may rejoice over her rare gifts for something other than the writing of novels.

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- April 15. Must see the nurse I have dismissed does not scratch the face off the new one.
- April 26. The whiskey kettle needs soldering, and the stable floor needs planks.
- June 1. Hans, the lamplighter's, Anna, who is twenty-two, has just had twins. He is eighty-eight. I propose to investigate the matter.
- June 3. Ove Giedde has heard that a woman from Aalborg has laid an egg, much like that of an ostrich except that it is blue.

A grimmer entry is dated April 29:

Ordered two soldiers who had been fighting, beheaded, and another tortured before he was beheaded. He had tried to escape from prison. Paid his captain thirteen dollars. Ordered the iron collar put on a lazy student.

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### AMERICA AT HOME

*The Star-Spangled Manner.* By Beverley Nichols. Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.

LET us begin at the end. The Epilogue of this book tells us that:

Whether the wind blows east or west, our words are scattered, sooner or later, into the final darkness. Whether we salute the Star-spangled Banner or the Union Jack, whether the tune is "My Country, 'tis of Thee" or "God Save the King," the ultimate melody is the same—a melody which is only an echo—an echo played by an unseen player, who laughs, as he plays, behind the curtain of the clouds.

It is all a little difficult. I do not deny that it has a meaning. It means, I suppose, that much that we do is very futile, that nevertheless there is a God who created both England and America and that He has His purposes both for England and America. This is all quite true and, if it is what Mr. Nichols has learnt from his American travels, he has at least learnt more than a great many of those who write their experiences for us.

Yet Mr. Nichols is not primarily a theologian. He is, if one may say so without offence, more at home with Miss Gloria Swanson and Big Bill Thompson, whom he has seen, than with God, whom he has not seen. He has in a high degree the talents of the interviewer and is able to give vivid and interesting pictures of the externals of the life of a number of interesting people—President Coolidge, Mr. Otto Kahn, Mr. Ford, Miss Anita Loos, Mrs. Aimée McPherson and others. But he is not, I fancy, very interested in thought, and when he comes to dissect minds, particularly when he comes to dissect good minds, his touch is less certain.

When he discusses ideas Mr. Nichols is apt to irritate the reader by what at any rate appears to be a lack of sincerity. On the one hand, for instance, he is always very anxious to assure us that he has no moral disapproval of any of the things which he sees—of the white and negro decadents of Harlem, the prison authorities of Havana or the *divorcées* and would-be *divorcées* of Palm Beach. He is not of the company of Mr. Sumner and the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. To disapprove would be "puerile." Yet, on the other hand, he is equally anxious lest he appear to us of so crude a soul as to be indifferent to the sufferings of the world. What he loses on the swings of morals, he therefore makes up on the roundabouts of æsthetic sensibility. What others condemn as wicked he condemns as bad taste. Mr. Nichols gives every evidence of possessing a perfectly normal and very respectable sense of right and wrong. What is not quite normal in him is the shyness which makes him terrified that his possession will be discovered. Yet I think that he quite exaggerates the extent to which people will think the worse of him if they should discover it.

So long as he is relating the external details of some scene at which he was present, Mr. Nichols is entirely convincing. It is when he begins to talk of his own opinions that he ceases to convince. A false strain is often allowed to creep in. Take, for instance,

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his remarks upon Prohibition. The ordinary arguments for and against Prohibition are tediously familiar. Mr. Nichols must find another vein to work. He writes therefore:

The disappearance of the "speak-easy" would be an infinite loss to all romanticists. Who, having experienced the delights of the speak-easy, would wish to sacrifice them for the boredom of the ordinary restaurant? Who, having slunk down the little flight of steps into the area, glancing to right and left in order to make sure that no police are watching, having rung the bell before the apparently deserted door, having blinked at the suddenly lighted grille and assured the proprietor, whose face peers through the bars, of his bonafides—who would willingly forfeit these delicious preliminaries? And who, having taken his seat in the shuttered restaurant, having felt all the thrill of a conspirator, having jumped at each fresh ring of the bell, having perhaps enjoyed the supreme satisfaction of participating in a real raid—who would prefer to these excitements a sedate and legal dinner, even if all the wines in the world were at his disposition?

And again:

I am walking down Broadway with a friend. There looms towards us a man of vast bulk and forbidding features who accosts my friend and engages him in conversation. After a few moments he touches his cap and goes off. And as we walk on, my friend says to me:

"That was a bootlegger down on his luck. Have you any enemies?"

"Why?"

"Because he just told me that if there was anybody I wanted 'bumping off' he would take them for a 'one-way taxi-drive.' The fee would be only a hundred dollars."

Personally I like that sort of thing.

It is hard to believe that Mr. Nichols is as childish as he pretends to be. Is it really possible for a grown man to think of an assassin plying for hire as if he were some schoolboy hero ready to show his brave defiance by breaking bounds? And, even if it may for once and twice be amusing to be reminded of boyhood by having to hide your wine under the table as you used to have to hide your "cribs," does any sane man really prefer such nonsense, once the novelty of it has worn off, to "a sedate and legal dinner"?

Again, Mr. Nichols describes with commendable vividness the horrible conditions of a Havana prison, and it is a pity that he must conclude a very sincere bit of writing with the sentence that, after seeing all that he saw, "I wanted to die." The reader is willing enough to believe that Mr. Nichols was honourably indignant at the prison system. He is not willing to believe that he "wanted to die" because a certain number of Cuban prisoners were being badly treated. Nor at that moment is Mr. Nichols's emotion the important thing. If there exists this intolerable evil we want to know how it can be remedied, and Mr. Nichols's death, so deplorable for all sorts of reasons, would be most ineffective as Cuban social reform.

Although Mr. Nichols is in general more at home with external incident than in the dissection of minds, yet he does here and there give us vivid little glimpses into odd corners in the minds of the great. What, for instance, could better show the strange limitation in the mind of Mr. Henry Ford than the following? :

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The general was on the eve of receiving an important Government appointment when he learned that his daughter was having a love-affair with a married man. His wife is scandalized and bitterly hostile; but he perceives in the incident the authentic handiwork of love—love such as he had imagined it in his romantic youth: and to this sacred feeling every other consideration must give way. The story as it clothes itself in outward events is difficult to believe. Would such a conventional and discreet woman as Marion have called her daughter in and lectured her like a schoolmistress? Would the possession of such a daughter have unfitted a man to be governor of the Scilly Isles? The events are improbable, but the play of emotion in the general's heart is not unconvincing. The mother, with her carefully phrased diatribes against her "modern" daughter, is surely a stage figure. In general, the matter of the book is unequal to its manner, except in the relationship between father and daughter:

that is very sensitively described.

The "quiet cities" to which Mr. Hergesheimer takes us back are towns in the United States which played a part in the war of Liberation. Round each he weaves an appropriate story. So careful is he, even in the shortest sentence, to put the emphasis on anything rather than the point, that the tales, though not hard to understand, are troublesome to follow. That they are well written, and have plenty of colour and atmosphere, goes without saying. But tricks of style that were native to Conrad seem perversities when adopted by Mr. Hergesheimer.

'The Murdered Manservant' is a rather original mystery story. As is often the case, the *dénouement* is difficult to believe; but the narrative is full of excellent thrills and does not depend on the last chapters for its excitement. The officials of Scotland Yard are portrayed as adepts in the art of missing every possible clue; there is no pretence at character-drawing; the plot's the thing, and it goes well and quickly from mystery to explanation.

## SHORTER NOTICES

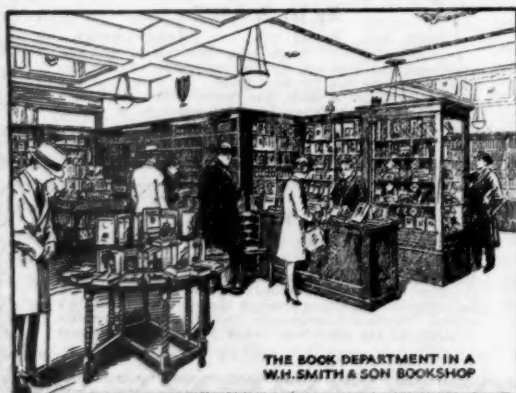
**The Island of the Articoles.** By André Maurois. Translated by David Garnett. Cape. 5s.

MR. GARNETT has returned M. Maurois's compliment by translating his elegant trifle 'The Island of the Articoles' in a suitably elegant and trifling manner. It is perhaps not ill-natured to guess that M. Maurois wrote his mild Gulliver's travel in response to a request for a story to fit in a special edition. But alas! the race is not to the pseudo-Swift. It is well enough to imagine a world where the artists are in charge and business men—properly a lower order—find their highest pleasure in supporting their natural masters. It is particularly well at a time when a number of business men are still persuaded, in spite of all reasonable proof to the contrary, that their activities have either meaning or value. But the story is a little wanting in the subtleties of imagination, and altogether wanting in savagery. Swift was a brute and a subtle brute. M. Maurois is gentler far with the creatures of his imagination than ever he was in biography.

Nevertheless a book of his, translated by Mr. Garnett, could not be wholly without distinction. It is all rather like a soufflé. It must be eaten at exactly the right moment of time and of digestion. If that moment is encountered, the thing will make an agreeable finish to the meal, none the worse for melting in the mouth.

**Tristram Shandy.** By Laurence Sterne. Illustrated by John Austin and with an Introduction by J. B. Priestley. The Bodley Head. 25s.

IF Sterne's great banquet demands any appetizer it is well that it should be provided by Mr. Priestley. So many introductions to the classics are like wire fences of prickly words which fend off the approaching parties and make them think of their schooldays, when great composition was simply turned into an imposition. Mr. Priestley can write an introduction which really introduces; that is to say, it leads one on and in. It is not easy to agree with what he says about Mr. Austin's illustrations. They do suggest the marionette and a kind of elfin energy. But is that what one wants to match the immense humanity of Sterne's characters? Later on Mr. Priestley speaks rightly of Toby being "solid as a hill" and having "the innocent bloom of childhood." But what have hills and children to do with marionettes? However, Mr. Austin is a master of his own method and the text book is finely printed.



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**How to Write a Play.** By St. John Ervine. Allen and Unwin. 5s.

MR. ERVINE begins by advising his readers that his title is "purely catchpenny." No one can be taught to drive a motor-car efficiently unless he has road-sense; in the same way, as Mr. Ervine insists, theatre-sense is essential to good writing of plays. That sense cannot be taught, but those who are lucky enough to have the instinct can avoid waste of time and effort by studying some practical rules of the game. Accordingly Mr. Ervine counsels them against many faults, as of wordiness, repetition of events, inapposite use of tricks which may elsewhere be effective, and so on. His admonitions are fully supported by examples of good and bad work in well-known plays and by some general and wise comments on the finance and tactics of the theatrical work in general. He does not, of course, pretend that he can make a dramatist, but for his simple claim that some unnecessarily bad work may be improved by taking thought and noting precedent there is ample justification in this book of elementary instruction.

**Shapes that Pass.** By Julian Hawthorne. Murray. 16s.

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE is an American with a genuine admiration for Englishmen. "John Bull, I believe, is walking, however blunderingly, in a path prepared by God," he writes, "and if the rest of the world is to be saved they will have to fall in behind him." The son of Nathaniel Hawthorne, he has met many prominent figures in art or letters, and his memories range from Charles Dickens to Henry James. In 1868 he heard Dickens give a reading from 'David Copperfield' at the Boston Music Hall:

His bearing was erect, virile and animated; the eyes under his dark brows were brilliant and strong, as of one used to command; his cheeks were lean and slightly ruddy, like those of an athlete; the beard on his upper lip and chin was a little grizzled, and so was the hair on his temples; his aspect was dominating but sympathetic.

Elsewhere there is a characteristic recollection of Swinburne:

"How horrible!"—with arms upflung to the Olympian throne—was his only comment after a capable young naval engineer of my acquaintance, who had also composed a volume of verses, had read to him a few selections.

Among other famous men of whom he writes are R. D. Blackmore—"he said that gardening came easier to him than writing"—Browning, Ruskin and Whistler. There are some entertaining recollections, too, of the old Savage Club. The best chapters are those which deal with the author's childhood. It is a genial, companionable book, full of good stories and kindly memories.

**A Rover I Would Be.** By E. V. Lucas. Methuen. 6s.

MANY years ago Mr. E. V. Lucas wrote a volume of essays which he entitled 'Urbanities.' That title might fitly be applied to all Mr. Lucas's books. Surveying mankind from China to Peru, he looks upon the world with friendly eyes. In this book he discusses a variety of subjects. He can touch lightly on grave themes and consider trifles with a becoming gravity. At one moment he is describing Cowper's house at Olney, the next he is allowing his whimsical imagination to play around the problem of Mah Jong. He is an expert on culinary matters, and pays a well-deserved tribute to the excellence of a particular branch of French cookery, while he is sensible of its other limitations. "Other countries," he writes, "may make this and that delicacy far better than the vaunted French cooks—we in England, for instance, have a far finer way with green peas and even with pea-soup, with new potatoes, with mushrooms, with roast beef—but for the *pâté de foie gras* France is supreme." The devout gastronome will hardly challenge the truth of that assertion. Open the book where you will, and you may find something to delight and to entertain.

**Prince Charlie and the Borderland.** By David Johnston Beatti. Carlisle: Charles Thufnam and Sons. 7s. 6d.

PLENTEOUSLY illustrated, and rich in local lore, this book owes the occasion but not the cause of its publication to the historical pageant, recently held at Carlisle. Based on many years' study it narrates the story of Charles Edward's venture from the time he left France to the final defeat at Culloden in 1746. The rebellion of 1745 was really an incident of the War of the Austrian Succession. The British defeat at Fontenoy, it has been said, "touched off the '45." Charles Edward won a victory at Preston Pans, with the 5,000 Highlanders he marched as far as Derby, unassisted and unopposed, turned north again, won a record victory at Falkirk, and was finally defeated in the spring of the following year. The '45 is a landmark in Scottish history, for it led not only to the defeat of the Jacobites but to the abolition of feudalism in the Highlands and the turning adrift of the crofters in large numbers. In this way was brought into being the Scotland of Burns and Scott. For a detailed study of the course of the rebellion the book is extremely useful.

**Fifty Years of Spool.** By Arthur Roberts. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

"ARTHUR, why don't you write your reminiscences?" said Mr. Augustus John to Mr. Arthur Roberts on one occasion, adding, "If you do, I will paint your portrait." Mr. Roberts tells us that he was "at once flattered and staggered." Fortunately he was sufficiently flattered to undertake the task and not sufficiently staggered to refrain from publishing the results of it. A generation ago there was no name better known on the comedy stage than that of Arthur Roberts, and there are playgoers to-day who still cherish pleasant memories of Gentleman Joe and Dandy Dan. The present volume—the title-page of which is faced by a reproduction of the portrait Mr. John promised to paint and did—is a proof that Mr. Roberts is not only a good actor but an admirable story-teller, and if at times he tends to the prolix he is seldom other than entertaining. In the course of a long and active life he has encountered many prominent people and among the "favourites" of an older generation to whom we are introduced in these pages are Marie Lloyd, Bessie Bellwood, Marie Wilton, George Leybourne, Sir Henry Irving, Violet Cameron, John L. Toole and Maud Hobson. Perhaps the best story in the book—it is far too long to quote—is that which relates how Mr. Roberts once scored successfully off the late Sir William Gilbert. The narrative throws a flood of light on the character of each of the protagonists involved. It may be added that the book would not have depreciated in value had the author seen fit to supply an index.

## NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review. Where a book is not yet published, the date of publication is added in parentheses.

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THE JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES WITH SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D. By James Boswell. Introduction by T. Ratcliffe Barnett. Dent. 7s. 6d.

PARNASSUS TO LET. By Eric Walter White. Hogarth Press. (Hogarth Essays: Second Series.) 2s. 6d.

WRITING ALOUD. By J. D. Beresford. Collins. 6s.

LETTERS OF THE HON. MRS. EDWARD TWISLETON. Murray. 16s.

ISEEN AND THE ACTRESS. By Elizabeth Robins. Hogarth Press. (Hogarth Essays: Second Series.) 2s. 6d.

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## MOTORING

By W. H. STIRLING

**T**HE twenty-second annual International Motor Exhibition, promoted by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, Ltd., opens at Olympia next Thursday, and will remain open until October 20.

### THE ARROL-JOHNSTON & ASTER ENGINEERING CO., LTD., DUMFRIES

This firm will be exhibiting several examples of the single sleeve-valve engined chassis, mounted with various attractive bodies. With this type of engine many advantages are claimed, such as maintenance of tune, quietness, long life and a minimum of time necessary to be spent on its upkeep.

The following is the range for 1929. The 17/50 h.p. Arrol-Aster 6 cylinder, as a 3/5 seater, a 5 seater open Tourer, a 3/5 Coupé, a 5 seater coachbuilt saloon, a 5 seater 4 light Fabric Saloon—all at £598; also the 23/70 h.p. Arrol-Aster "straight eight," the chassis having similar bodies mounted on it and priced complete at £798.

### THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO., LTD., BIRMINGHAM

The Austin Motor Co. will be staging eight of their models. There are no fundamental changes in any of them; their quality, efficiency and trustworthiness have always been high, but certain modifications in the productions for 1929 may be regarded as definite improvements. In the "twelve," "sixteen" and "twenty" ranges the petrol tank is carried in the safest possible position, between the two centre cross members, with an improved filler orifice, which emerges by the driver's seat. The petrol gauge is mounted on the dash and dipping headlights are operated by a plunger under the dash. These are now standard on the above three ranges, and in addition the springing has been improved by zinc plates being fitted between the leaves of each spring, modifying the friction, so that lubrication is rendered unnecessary. With a six cylinder engine a vibration damper is now fitted to the front end of the eight bearing crankshaft. In the Austin Seven, improvements will be found in the gearbox speedometer drive, the gear lever position and the shock absorbers.

### THE HILLMAN MOTOR CO., COVENTRY

The Hillman Company came very much to the front last year with their justly renowned "Fourteen." For the coming year the same 14 h.p. Chassis will be used. The new programme includes four "safety" cars, The Tourer, Saloon, Weymann Saloon and "Segrave." The safeties differ from the standard cars in that they have servo-assisted brakes, wire wheels, unsplinterable glass, dipping headlights, electrically operated, furniture hide upholstery and several other little luxuries. The "Segrave" models are made in the "safety" type only.

As for the 14 h.p. Chassis, though it appears almost the same the makers state that over 200 detail improvements have been effected. A Hardy-Spicer propeller shaft is now used instead of Hardy Discs; the radiator is deeper; shock absorbers are fitted to all wheels and the headlamps are mounted on a solid crossbar between the front wings. The saloons are of the low built type but with the same head room; the track is four inches wider.

### MORRIS MOTORS (1926), LTD.

Mr. Morris has not been content to rest on his oars. His new prices and values are most attractive. With new duotone cellulose harmonies for all models and a wide range of pleasing colours, dipping headlights

fitted to both Cowley and Oxford models, electric horns, automatic windscreen wipers and bumpers fitted as standard to all models, also Triplex glass available at a most reasonable price, it will be seen that the motorist is thought of in every way and his comfort on the road studied. Progress is also shown in the lowered chassis and improved springing on both the 11/9 h.p. and the 14/28 h.p. models.

### THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., WOLVERHAMPTON

The Sunbeam programme for the 1929 season will be found to consist, among other things, of new designs in coachwork, reduced prices of Weymann Saloon and Limousine models, a new two seater model on a 16 h.p. Chassis and a new coachbuilt Enclosed Limousine model on the 20 h.p. special long wheelbase chassis. The 16 h.p. Coachbuilt Saloon is an entirely new design. The front seats are adjustable and also the rear seat and rear squab. An effective ventilating device is incorporated in the doors; comfort has been studied in a marked degree. In the 20 h.p. Saloon the front seats are of the bucket type, with comfortable arm rests for the rear seats, and removable down-filled cushions are provided. The 35 h.p. eight cylinder model has coachwork of the Enclosed Landaulette and Enclosed Limousine types as standard on the chassis.

### THE ROVER CO., LTD., COVENTRY

The Rover Company will be showing five cars on their stand; descriptions of four of these have been given out, but the fifth is said to be so much out of the ordinary that it is not intended to publish preliminary details of it. By the time these lines are in print we shall know what the Rover "sensation" is.

### THRUPP & MABERLY, LTD.

This firm are showing a fine example of coachwork in the form of a fixed Cabriolet de Ville mounted on a 40/50 h.p. new Phantom Rolls-Royce Chassis. The body is of the all-purpose type, as, when required, the canopy over the driver's compartment folds back flush into the fixed head. In this way the vehicle becomes suitable for owner-driving. Messrs. Thrupp & Maberly are one of the three British firms enterprising enough to exhibit their products at the Paris Motor Show.

### SINGER & CO., LTD., COVENTRY

Five examples of the Senior and Junior Singers and also the "Six" will be found on the firm's large stand in the new hall. The Sunshine Saloon of all models can be opened or closed at will while the car is in motion. The hood or head runs in channels, so that by turning a handle the raising or lowering of it can be accomplished with ease.

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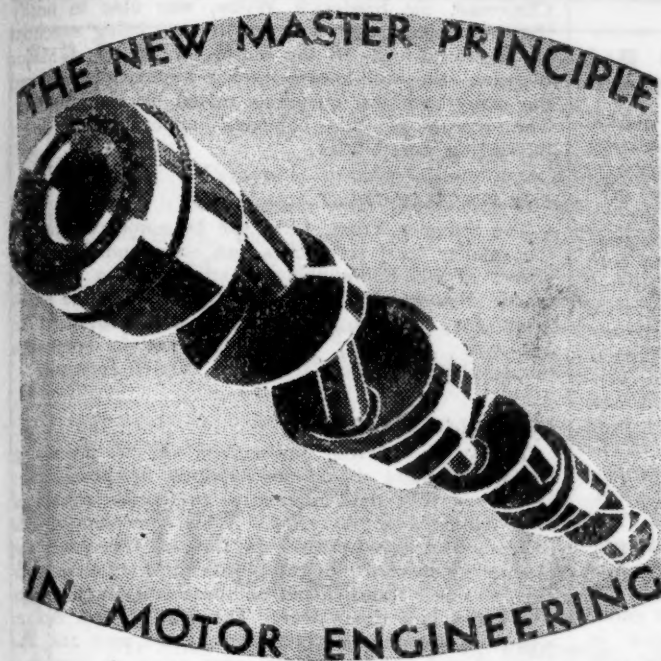
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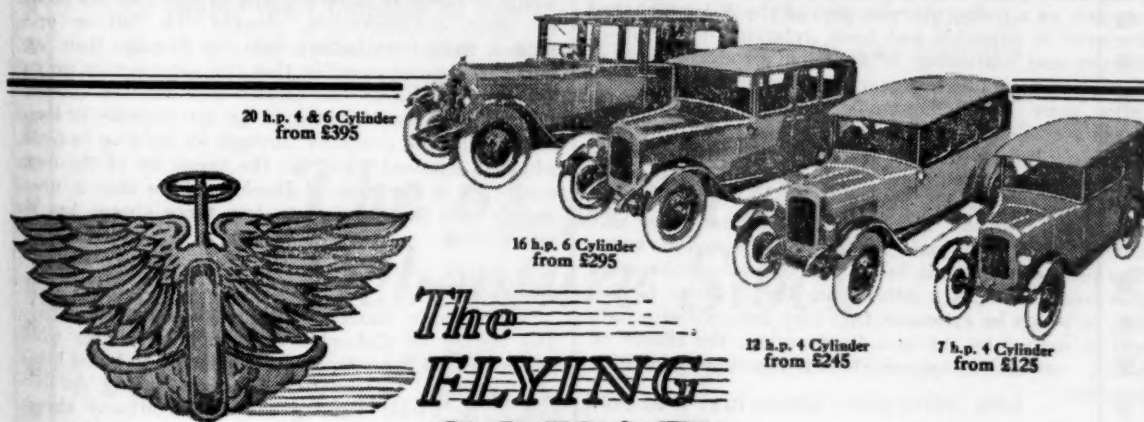
## IT'S AT OLYMPIA

WHAT is this new master principle? It is the greatest step forward since the discovery of the sleeve-valve engine. It allows the sleeve-valve engine to operate under more ideal conditions than ever before. The valve-shaft is the secret. It substitutes a continuous movement for a jerky one. Unless you have ridden in an Arrol-Aster, you cannot know how much difference this valve-shaft makes, imparting that liveliness, power and acceleration which have hitherto not been a strong attribute of the sleeve-valve engine. It has been tried out for two years, and has aroused enthusiasm everywhere. It is covered by Arrol-Aster Master Patents, and is exclusive to Arrol-Aster cars. Come and see it at Olympia. Stand No. 104.

17/50 h.p. Arrol-Aster 6-cylinder 3/5 Seater, 5-Seater Tourer, 3/5-Seater Coupé, 5-Seater Coachbuilt Saloon, 5-Seater Fabric Saloon, each £598. 23/70 h.p. Arrol-Aster "Straight 8," 5-Seater Tourer, 3/5-Seater Coupé, 5-Seater Coachbuilt Saloon, 5-Seater Fabric Saloon, each £798. Other Aster Models are the 21/60 h.p. 6-cylinder and 24/70 6-cylinder.

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SQUAD**  
for  
**1929**

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Range*

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NOT ONLY THE WELL KNOWN WINGS  
EMBLEM ON THE RADIATOR, BUT WINGS  
OF SPEED, SILENCE & SMOOTH RUNNING  
IN EVERY MOVING PART**

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A. J. W.

## THE CITY

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

THERE are indications that the industrial market after monopolizing the bulk of Stock Exchange business for several months will now have to share the interest with other centres; signs have been displayed of considerably more business in the tin market and in the oil market. This spreading of interest is a beneficial feature; it will tend to curb some of the wild speculation that has been centred on low-priced Industrial shares recently. The glut of new issues, to which I referred last week, continues, and it is gratifying to note that recent newcomers have represented appeals for capital for sounder ventures than some of their predecessors. Two new issues will make their appearance this week-end, both of which appear to possess great possibilities. The public are to be invited to subscribe for 500,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each at the price of £2 15s. per share in Whitworth and Mitchell (1928) Ltd. This company, which occupies a leading position as producers of dress fabrics, has an excellent record of past profits. These have risen from £129,452 for the year to June 30, 1922, to £190,579 for the year ended June 30, 1928. As the capital of the company, in addition to the Ordinary shares now offered for sale, consists of 500,000 6% cumulative preference shares, it will be seen that last year's profits, after allowing for the preference dividend, leaves a sum equivalent to over 32% on the Ordinary shares. As there is no reason to assume that this rate of profit will not be maintained, it will be seen that a very generous yield is shown at the price of £2 15s. per share, at which these Ordinary shares are offered.

The other new issue takes the form of 500,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each and a similar number of deferred shares of 1s. each in the Acetate Products Corporation, Ltd. This company has been formed to acquire, as a going concern, part of the old-established business of Greenhill and Sons, relating to the manufacture and marketing of Celluloid products, and to provide the capital necessary for manufacturing on a large scale Non-Inflammable Safety Celluloid from Acetate of Cellulose, Cellulose Lacquers and Cellulose Brushing Paints. There is little doubt that there is an enormous demand to-day for a Non-Inflammable Celluloid. Celluloid goods are looked on with suspicion, both by retailer and consumer, and this new product will undoubtedly fill a long-felt want. The prospectus that is being issued in connexion with this issue includes a letter from Mr. Maurice Greenhill, in which he estimates that very substantial profits will be earned by the new Corporation, the shares of which certainly appear to possess considerable promise.

### SAFETY GLASS

It seems probable that the forthcoming Motor Show at Olympia will emphasize the widespread demand by motorists for splinterless glass. This will probably lead to increased activity in the shares of the companies who manufacture it. The pioneer of this industry is the Triplex Glass Company, who are already doing very big business. Among the most promising of the newcomers is the Acetex Safety Glass. At the recently held statutory meeting, the

Chairman, Sir Frederick Willis, was able to notify the shareholders that orders were now being executed for eighteen firms in the motor industry and Major Segrave, the well-known racing motorist, answered the many technical questions raised by shareholders. The shares of this company appear to possess interesting possibilities.

### THE STAVELEY TRUST

The Staveley Trust, Ltd., can be numbered among the smaller trust companies run on sound lines, the shares of which are likely to appreciate in years to come. The recently-issued report shows that the gross profit for the year to July 31 last amounted to £26,638. Ordinary shareholders are to receive a dividend of 6½%, and £5,187 is carried forward.

### GEO. ADLAM

Those who favour investment in a promising Preference share should not overlook the possibilities of the 8% fully paid cumulative preference shares of Geo. Adlam and Sons, Ltd. When the offer of sale of these shares was made in June of this year, the prospectus showed that the profits for 1927 were sufficient to cover the dividend on these preference shares two and a half times over. The firm of Geo. Adlam and Sons was founded nearly 100 years ago, and has been carried on successfully ever since as manufacturers of various types of chemical plant and every kind of brewery plant, bottling and refrigerating machinery. These preference shares appear decidedly attractive at the present level.

### DUNLOPS

Despite the general buoyancy of the Industrial market, there have been dull features; among these can be numbered Dunlops and African and Eastern. The dullness of Dunlops is due to appreciation that the company has to face considerable competition which is likely to have a material effect on its profits. In these circumstances, despite the fall in price, holders should not be in a hurry to average their holdings; it is quite possible that the shares may go still lower. As regards the African and Eastern Corporation, the fall here is said to be attributable to losses incurred by the company through its holding in cocoa, which it acquired owing to the break up of the cocoa pool. As in the case of Dunlops, here also it would appear that the moment to buy these shares has not yet arrived.

### GRAMOPHONES

Gramophone shares continue to fluctuate widely. The buying of Columbia Graphophone shares which has emanated from America is believed to be on behalf of a powerful Corporation who are buying for control. The Victor Talking Machine Company already control His Master's Voice Company, so it seems possible that in a few months' time a big American Trust may be formed to control our two premier gramophone companies. It is also possible that control of another group of our gramophone companies will go to America: much of the buying of Duophone shares during the last three months is said to have been on account of operators on the other side of the Atlantic.

TAURUS

**NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE**  
**INSURANCE Co., Ltd.** Total Funds Exceed £35,690,800. Total Income Exceeds £10,462,000  
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# "A NEW AND SPLENDID INDUSTRY" for England

Referring to the display of Non-inflammable Safety Celluloid Articles in the windows of Selfridge & Company in Oxford Street—

**Mr. GORDON SELFRIDGE,**  
*Chairman of Selfridge & Co., Ltd.*

stated that—"The reason we are giving a special display of the goods, articles and products made out of safety non-inflammable celluloid is that we believe this is the beginning of a new and splendid industry."

**Mr. G. J. KEENE,**  
*of Waring & Gillow, Ltd.*

states—that he cannot conceive of anyone purchasing ordinary celluloid when the new non-inflammable safety celluloid is obtainable, also that he sees a great future for the cellulose lacquers and paints.

## UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

The Celluloid Corporation of America, the largest manufacturers of celluloid in America, are making extensive plans for the manufacture of non-inflammable safety celluloid.

The Dupont Company of America, large celluloid manufacturers, are also preparing to manufacture non-inflammable safety celluloid.

There is a world-wide demand for safety celluloid, the non-inflammable and non-explosive material of the Acetate Products Corporation.

*The prospectus of the ACETATE PRODUCTS CORPORATION, LIMITED, manufacturers of the new NON-INFLAMMABLE SAFETY CELLULOID, is obtainable to-day from:—Midland Bank Limited, 5, Threadneedle Street, E.C.2, and Branches; North of Scotland Bank Limited, 3-4 Lothbury, E.C.2, and Branches; John Gibbs, Son & Smith, 64 Cornhill, E.C.3., David Q. Henriques & Co., 13 Pall Mall, Manchester; Pearson, Connor & Co., 20 Renfield Street, Glasgow and Stock Exchanges; and from The French, British & Foreign Trust, Ltd., Dashwood House, 69 Old Broad Street, E.C.2.*

The subscription lists open Tuesday morning, but the Prospectus will be advertised in the Press on Monday next.



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1923	...	...	£120,978
1924	...	...	£193,247
1925	...	...	£264,014
1926	...	...	£162,599
1927	...	...	£168,381
1928	...	...	£190,579

3. The profits for the year ended 30th June, 1928, are sufficient, after providing for the Preference Dividend amounting to £30,000, to leave a sum equivalent to over 32 per cent on the Ordinary Shares.
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*Copies of the Offer for Sale can be obtained from:*

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F. W. STAVEACRE & CO., 26 Brown Street, Manchester.

And from

**The Charterhouse Investment Trust, Limited,**

30 & 31 St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C.4.

## ACROSTICS

## PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the Acrostic appears. (Books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' are excluded: they may be reviewed later.)

## RULES

1. The book chosen must be named when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Competition" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 342

QUESTION OF QUESTIONS, SOURCE OF WARS AND WOES TO COME . . .  
ALAS! NO ANSWER'S HEARD: THE ORACLES ARE DUMB.

1. Who can't see what's as plain as this we scorn.
2. Name by the Man of Blood and Iron borne.
3. In me the masters' grand designs you view.
4. Thus, earless, stood Defoe—if Pope sang true.\*
5. When the sky falls, shan't we catch heaps of these?
6. Soft spongy fungus found on forest-trees.
7. Used to ensnare "the creatures of the wild."
8. Small devil now, but once I was a child.
9. Dick Feverel's was famous in its day.
10. Cast by the skilled astrologer for pay.

\* But he didn't.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 340

C	ockle-shel	L	<sup>1</sup> The horizontal branches send down
bA	ny	An <sup>1</sup>	shoots which strike root when they
R	o	D <sup>3</sup>	reach the ground.
D	and	Y	<sup>2</sup> Num. xvii. 8.
I	n	Jury	<sup>3</sup> "To love and to cherish, till death us
N	erv	A	depart."
A	ccumulation	N	<sup>4</sup> The Oyster-catcher or Sea-pie
L	ifetim	E <sup>3</sup>	abounds on the west coast of
P	uddin	G	England.
O	ystr-catche	R <sup>4</sup>	<sup>5</sup> The emperor Antoninus Pius.
L	ustr	E	"And as he lived, so died he;
E	quanimity	Y <sup>5</sup>	grand and meek,
			Maintaining Antonine's sub-
			limity,
			Who, for last watchword, hardly
			strong to speak,
			Gave the centurion 'Equa-
			nimity.'"

Sir Edwin Arnold, *Lotus and Jewel*;  
*An Aureus.*

ACROSTIC No. 340.—No correct solution received. Evidently the most difficult Acrostic we have published for some years. (No. 284 was not solved, but 33 competitors had less than three Lights wrong.)

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Jerboa, Quis, C. J. Warden.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Armadale, Carlton, Iago, Jeff, Margaret, Martha, Met, Yendu. All others more.

For Light 7 Acquisition is accepted, although, as one solver points out, Accumulation is better, because it includes Acquisition. (Cf. Ps. xxxix. 6.) Ambition is not accepted. A man may be actuated solely by Ambition, but he can hardly make it the sole business of his life, as he can Accumulation. Ambition is a disposition of the mind; the satisfying of it may be made the business of one's life.

G. W. MILLER.—As you will see from Note 5, the "Lord of legions" referred to was the Emperor Antoninus Pius. The lines quoted are from a poem on Marcus Aurelius, which is well worth looking up.

POLAMAR.—"England expects," etc., is ingenious, but our Lights generally consist of one word only, never of a whole sentence of eight or ten words.

HANWORTH.—See my replies to Clam and Mr. J. Lennie last week.

SISYPHUS.—Many thanks for letter. I have to decide these questions offhand. I decide them to the best of my ability, but make no claim to infallibility. Judges who have listened to long addresses by learned counsel, and taken a few days to consider their judgment, sometimes, I believe, give decisions which are reversed by higher courts.

ACROSTIC No. 339.—Correct: Hanworth.

## Company Meetings

## UNION CINEMA

## ADVANCE IN THEATRE TAKINGS

The STATUTORY MEETING of the Union Cinema Co., Ltd., was held on October 1 at Winchester House, E.C.

Mr. J. D. Harries, who presided, said: The purchase of the properties comprised in the prospectus has now been completed, and your directors are more than satisfied that each and every purchase has been satisfactory for the company. I am able to tell you that your cinemas, in spite of the exceptionally fine weather, show takings far in excess of last year, which, combined with the great economies achieved in film rentals by the centralisation of "bookings" in London and the contemplated extensions, has given every confidence to your directors. The theatres are all in an excellent condition, and but little money will be needed to keep them in first-class condition during the year.

As you are aware, the other main asset which we have in the whole of the share capital of British Exhibitors' Films (1922), Ltd. The ordinary trading of this company has been well up to prospectus figures. From this source we anticipate an unexpectedly large increase in revenue.

A draft contract has been agreed between our solicitors and Tiffany-Stahl Productions, Inc., and is now awaiting signature, whereby your company will distribute the whole of Tiffany-Stahl productions for the year 1929, the definite intention of both parties being that this shall be made a permanent arrangement. These, with the films already in hand, plus certain British pictures, will total about sixty, in addition to twenty-four colour classics, as against this past year's fourteen pictures. This is one of the largest programmes in the trade.

Talking pictures have lately received an enormous publicity. At present this branch is only in its infancy, and they are mainly a novelty attraction. Considerable improvement will have to be made before they will seriously compete with the regular cinema programme. Your directors have already installed them in one of your theatres and are arranging to handle ten talking pictures. They are carefully watching the trend of public taste in this, as in other matters, so, if they are wanted, they will be well placed to meet the demand.

Your directors have decided that it will be advantageous to produce British pictures, and the Tiffany contract provides for the American distribution of these films, and, moreover, Tiffany's have guaranteed the company against any loss on these films. This is the first occasion, we believe, on which a company has been guaranteed against loss by American distributors. In conclusion, the shareholders have every reason to feel proud of the progress made by the company in the short time it has been established.

## ACETEX SAFETY GLASS LTD

## PROGRESS OF UNDERTAKING

The STATUTORY MEETING of the Acetex Safety Glass Ltd. was held on September 21 at Winchester House, E.C.

Sir Frederick J. Willis, K.B.E., C.B., J.P. (chairman), presided, and in the course of his remarks said that notification had been received from the Patent Office that the applications for patents were in order for acceptance. No restrictive amendment was required. The company acquired the patents for the British Empire (excluding Canada), and applications had been made for registration of the patents in the chief parts of the Empire. The works of Messrs. Samuel Banner and Co., Ltd., of Liverpool, were now producing and delivering to the trade. Arrangements had been made for an adequate and regular supply of material.

With regard to the sales the majority of standardized contracts for safety glass for motor manufacturers merely meant that the glass would be fitted at an additional cost if required by the purchaser. Acetex was, however, being fitted on all closed Hillman fabric saloon models as a standard fitment, and the cost was included in the retail price specified in the Hillman Company's catalogue. Other motor-car manufacturers would also be showing models fitted with Acetex safety glass at the forthcoming Olympia Exhibition. Developments in other fields were being exploited. Arrangements had been made for special coloured safety glass to be manufactured and marketed by another company on advantageous terms to the company.

The Acetex process enabled safety glass to be manufactured in shapes and contours not commercially possible by any other known process. Enquiries and orders continued to increase daily, and the directors had every reason to believe that a successful future lay before the company.

In reply to a question as to whether Acetex glass would warp in the tropics, Major Henry Segrave (managing director) said that they had had certain tests taken, and they believed, so far as was at present known, their process was about the only glass on the market which would definitely stand tropical conditions.

A cordial vote of thanks was given to the chairman for presiding, and the meeting terminated.



## Company Meeting

DUNSTABLE PORTLAND CEMENT  
COMPANY, LIMITED

## POTENTIALITIES OF THE INDUSTRY

The third ordinary GENERAL MEETING of the Dunstable Portland Cement Company, Ltd., was held at Winchester House, E.C., on September 28. Mr. James Felix Cunningham (Chairman of the company) presiding, said:

The balance-sheet and the statement of assets and liabilities of the subsidiary companies give shareholders a concise exposé of the financial position of the three units constituting the working side of the Dunstable Portland Cement Company, Ltd.

You will remember that your company acquired the whole of the share capital of Smeed Dean and Co., Ltd., and Young and Sons, Ltd., in March, 1927.

The cost of these two companies to the Dunstable Company was £715,750. If you deduct from this the amount placed to reserve—namely, £73,800—you have a net cost of £641,950.

The net value of the assets of these companies, as shown in the statement accompanying the balance-sheet, is £411,695—that is, less than the net purchase price by £230,255. To avoid any misleading inference from these figures, I would point out that the accounts are compiled on the basis of the old book values, which, in conformity with a policy of conservative finance, had been very materially written down over a long period of years. At the time these businesses were purchased last year a revaluation of the fixed assets was made, resulting in a figure of £279,698 in excess of book values.

It will be seen, therefore, that instead of an apparent deficiency of £230,255 there was a surplus of £49,443 in favour of your company, nor does this take into account any sum in respect of the very valuable goodwill attaching to these old-established businesses, and I am confident that the expectation of these two concerns being big revenue earners in due course will be amply fulfilled.

It is the company's intention to preserve the old book valuation, but having made this full explanation now, I do not anticipate that it will be necessary at future meetings to go over the position.

## TRADING PROFIT

The joint trading of the companies for the twelve months to March 31, 1928, produced a net profit, after making allowance for all charges, depreciation, reserves, etc., of £92,880 13s. 10d. The latter months of the companies' year were marked by severe competition and a decline in the selling price of cement. It is, however, gratifying to know that the volume of business steadily increased, and I am convinced, after the most careful investigation into the whole situation, that as a result of further mechanical improvements and decreasing costs of production and distribution, these adverse factors will be more than counterbalanced. In connexion with production, everything is being done, at Sittingbourne in particular, to eliminate waste and redundant handling of the raw materials, and considerable expenditure has been incurred in the cement works in substituting mechanical for manual labour with satisfactory results. In the brick works we are carrying out a programme which when completed will have cost nearly £100,000, which will not only improve the quality and appearance of our products—at the same time materially reducing manufacturing costs—but will greatly increase the capacity of the works and therefore the profits.

## OUTLOOK FOR THE INDUSTRY

Coming now to the broader aspects of the industry, I do not propose to attempt anything in the nature of prophecy, but there are certain features of the position to-day which clearly indicate the expanding potentialities of cement. To mention one factor, there is the astounding growth of output in the motor industry, not only of small cars, but of heavy transport vehicles—a development which is rapidly getting beyond the traffic capacity of our roads. To meet this situation arterial roads are being built where none previously existed, old roads are being reconstructed and widened, and into these operations cement is entering to an ever-increasing extent. There is, too, the continued progress of the building trade, which shows no signs of slackening, and there are many other outlets for our product which have been created by the limitless ramifications of modern social and industrial demands. New uses for cement are constantly being discovered, and here we reap great advantage in combining with the "Red Triangle" group, which is equipped to carry on research work beyond the scope of a single unit producer and is spending with discrimination a substantial sum of money on all forms of propaganda.

The Chairman concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts and the confirmation of the dividends already paid, which was seconded by Mr. O. J. S. Piper and carried unanimously.

The retiring directors and the auditors having been re-elected, a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman terminated the proceedings.

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